





STEAM VOYAGES.

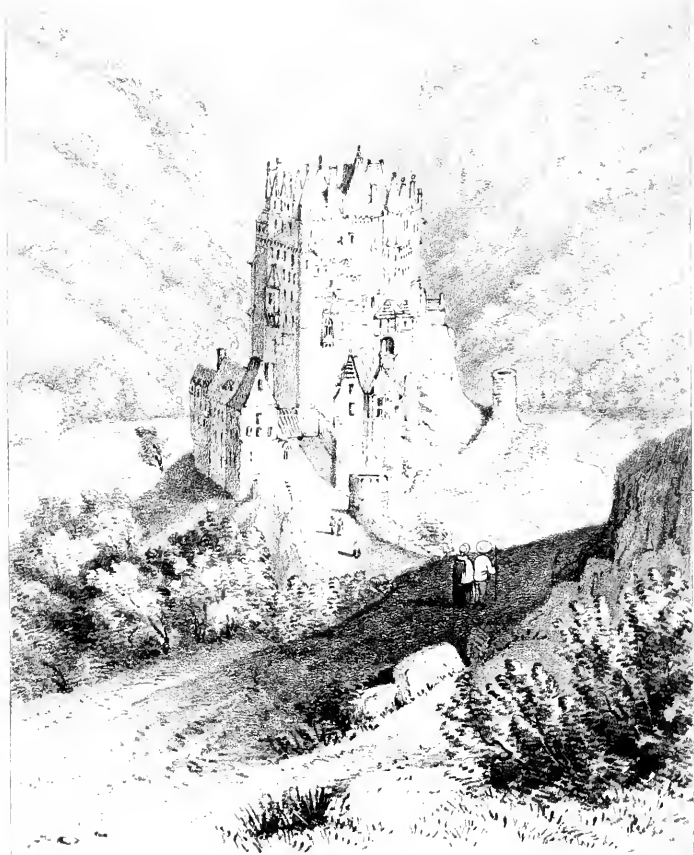


VOL. II.





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View of the 'Lith' to the Queen

# STEAM VOYAGES

ON

THE SEINE, THE MOSELLE, & THE RHINE;

WITH

RAILROAD VISITS

TO

THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF BELGIUM,

&c. &c.

By MICHAEL J. QUIN, Esq.,

*Author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube,"*

*"A Year in Spain," &c.*

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# STEAM VOYAGES

ON THE

## MOSELLE AND OTHER RIVERS

IN

### GERMANY AND FRANCE.

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#### CHAPTER I.

Gold and Silver Mines. These Mines worked until 1841. Extraordinary Clouds. Indications of Whirlwind. Ancient Houses. Bends of the River. French Fortifications. Village of Mehlen. Continued Beauties of the Moselle. Village of Zeltingen. Convent of Macharen. A Hermitage. The Kautenbach River. Riesbach in the "olden time." Its annual Festival. Decline of old Sports. Contrasted Scenery.

MINES of gold and silver have been found in the Hunstruck Mountains. Veins of lead and copper also exist in them, which appear to have been worked in former ages to a considerable extent,

These mining operations were resumed about the middle of the eighteenth century, by two brothers named Pidoll, the sons of a French officer who had married a rich heiress at Quint. They obtained in 1748 a grant of all the minerals in the "grand bailliage" of Berncastle, gold alone excepted. They carried on their researches with eminent success. They found many galleries, previously unknown, perfectly formed, and in such order of preparation, that it would appear as if they had been abruptly abandoned, by reason of a plague, or a hostile invasion, or some other sudden and overwhelming cause. They re-opened several of the ancient mines, and made new excavations, the results of which afforded them remuneration far beyond their most sanguine hopes. Copper, lead, and silver, were found in great abundance.

In 1790 these mines were all in full operation, when the brothers Pidoll were compelled by the French to emigrate. When they returned they no longer possessed the capital which the works required, and they assigned them to a M. Stöck who carried them on until 1841, when his lease terminated. They are now in the hands of the Demoi-

selles de Pidoll, the sole heiresses of the property, and as they possess neither the capital, nor, of course, the skill or spirit of enterprise which such operations require, the works have ceased for some time. It would be well that some of our English capitalists should make inquiry upon the subject of these mines, which are said also to contain Magnesia. Slate quarries abound in the neighbourhood.

Soon after quitting Berneastle, where we took on board several military officers, I observed an extraordinary formation of clouds in the sky. We are told by Virgil that *Æolus* always kept his winds in his caverns confined in sacks, which he loosened whenever he desired to throw the elements into disorder, and to lift the waters of the ocean from their deepest recesses. The clouds which I speak of perfectly realized the fable of the poet, so far as the sack-like appearance was concerned, the difference being, that these reservoirs of wind were in the heavens, whereas those of the God were in his caves. Nothing could be more accurate than the resemblance. Some of the bags appeared larger than others; they were arranged in close succes-

sion one after another, lessening gradually, but not very materially, their necks apparently tied by cords, and in short every way like a sack of flour prepared to be carried away from the mill—the *wind-mill*, as one might truly say in this instance. They were thirteen or fourteen in number, and terminated in a field of cloud, which stretched far beyond them. I called the attention of the passengers to this phenomenon ; they gazed upon it with wonder, declaring that they never beheld any thing like it before. I predicted that we should speedily have a whirlwind of no ordinary violence.

We had the majestic ruins of Berncastle still in sight, when a strong wind arose ; it blew hard, as the sailors say, and there was a lurid light on the horizon behind us, which announced an approaching storm. The awning on deck was taken down, as the gusts threatened every moment to bear it bodily away. We apprehended rain, but after a few showers it went off, although the sky gave any thing but promise of fine weather. The houses of the numerous villages which we passed by, after leaving Berncastle, appeared much more ancient than those on the borders of the Upper Moselle.



Their gables generally faced the river, and bars of wood, painted in various colours and arranged in ornamental configurations, after the Swiss fashion, were inserted in them.

Upon reaching Graach we had again to make a wheel about to the left, in a direction right opposite to our direct course. So far did we recede that we went considerably below the latitude of Berncastle. Upon the Hunstruck beyond Graach, the French constructed in 1795-6 a pile of fortifications, which they called the Mont National, to serve as a *point d'appui* for their operations on the right bank of the Moselle. The most elevated part of the works is above Graach, and is connected with a line of intrenchments which are nearly on a level with the ridge of rocks called the Stumpfenthurm. The points of the bastions are seen farther on. The declivities on the southern side are covered with vines; the other sides of the mountain present to the eye cultivated fields, wild heaths, forests, and barren rocks. Marshal Jourdan had at one time one hundred and fifty cannons mounted on the fortifications just mentioned.

Leaving Graach behind us, we speedily came in

view of Mehlen. The mountain sides on our right were clothed with corn-fields, on our left were vineyards extending as far as the eye could see. These vineyards still preserve a high reputation, but not so much so as formerly. It is said that the soil is too rich and the vines have become too old. The best wine in this neighbourhood is understood to be that grown on the mountain between Graach and Zeltingen. On our right, opposite the village of Mehlen, is a small very ancient chapel, which is supposed to have been formerly the Baptistery for all the country round.

The beauty of the Moselle displayed itself in all its gaiety, as we steamed along towards Zeltingen. The mountains gradually recede, and meadows, corn-fields, and vineyards came upon us alternately, spread out beneath the sun, arrayed in a thousand charms, and giving everywhere tokens of abundant wealth. The little hamlet of Josephshof is a picture of the most romantic character : its inhabitants—men, women, and children—all came out to see us, and a more happy-looking, or a more neatly-dressed set of villagers, could seldom be seen elsewhere.

Zeltingen almost approaches to the rank of a town. The vines here are said to be peculiarly generous and well-flavoured on one side of the village, but rather indifferent on the other. Behind is an eminence, flat at top, and therefore called the "Table." It was at one time the principal source of supply in corn for the convent of Macheren, which is near it, but it has been lately planted with vines brought from Asmanshausen, where a most delicious red wine is grown; but the experiment has not succeeded: the wine has turned out to be of a very inferior character. The situation of the convent is remarkably picturesque; it is at the extremity of the "Table," in a charming solitude, and is separated from the Moselle by a garden most carefully cultivated. It was founded in the year 1257 for females, and was applied to religious purposes down to the year 1837, when the two last remaining sisters having died, it was sold, by order of the Prussian government, to a gentleman, who has converted it into a private residence. He respected, however, the choir of the church, which he has made his chapel.

Having resumed our more direct course, we pro-

ceeded, through scenery still enchanting, to the village of Uerzig, near which, in the face of a high red cliff called Michaelsley, may be seen a castellated wall. This wall covers the mouth of a cavern, which was occupied in the olden time by a band of robbers, each of whom, however, claimed to be of some order of knighthood : it was in a later age the residence of a pious hermit. It can only be entered by means of ladders.

Following the still extraordinary windings of the river, we reached Riesbach, not far from which one branch of the Kautenbach river forms a junction with the Moselle ; the other flows through the village, and serves to turn several mills. The Kautenbach abounds in fish, especially in salmon, a most delicious species of trout, and crawfish. At the approach of spring and autumn, the salmon ascend the stream in great numbers : the angler would find here, in the season, constant employment for his rod, and if he were any thing of an artist, also for his pencil. The views all round are exquisitely varied and inspiring.

A German traveller, touched with that amiable kindly feeling which is said to belong to what are

often called the "good old times," has given a simple and interesting account of this place, which I shall offer no apology for introducing to the notice of the "gentle reader."

"We made an excursion one day," says Storek, "up the Moselle as far as the hamlet of Riesbach. In former days, the valley everywhere abounded in trees, which were bending beneath the weight of their fruit; from time to time immense walnut-trees were seen towering high above the others; but I can now no longer discover the fine old specimens of that tree which I had so often admired in the days of my youth. The villagers complain that they are not at all so prosperous as they used to be, and that the old men are rapidly wasting away. Along this beautiful road there were everywhere benches, upon which, in the good old times, the weary traveller, panting and bent down under his burden, might find repose. In the open country, as well as in the forests, there were several wells yielding the most cool and delicious water; near them were large hewn stones, upon which one might sit, and there were iron cups chained to the edge, by which one might take up the pure spring and

refresh one's thirst. I attribute all these conveniences to the time when the inhabitants of this country belonged to the convents. The government of the ecclesiastical lords was always kind and humane; they attended equally to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people who were subject to them. I suspect that very few similar marks of goodness were paid to the inhabitants by the French at the time when they erected Montroyal.

“Riesbach, which, notwithstanding its ruined houses, still tapestried with old vine-arbours and shaded with fruit-trees, presents to the eye a charming picture, formerly possessed an old chapel; it was built upon a salient point of the opposite bank, at a little distance above the hamlet; a superb linden tree spread its branches over the roof of the chapel; a vineyard was behind it; the Moselle formed here a graceful curve, and watered an enchanting country all covered with fruit-trees, and ascending by a gentle acclivity as far as the ruins of the convent of Wolf, where the chapel stood. For a long time the chapel had no regular pastor, but the curate of Traben was bound by an old charter to celebrate in it the divine service on the

Tuesday after Pentecost. Every summer, the solitude that usually prevailed all round was dissipated by a crowd of the country people, who came hither dressed in their holiday clothes and full of gaiety. They trooped along towards the chapel through the beautiful flowery uplands and shaded green valleys; boys and girls, men and women, were all adorned with bouquets and flowers; the young men filled their pockets with rosebuds, and during the celebration of mass threw them to their friends and acquaintances, especially to those of the fair sex. It was a very old custom, and no priest had ever thought of forbidding it. At the end of the mass the chapel was strewed with these rosebuds. But all this is now gone by. Vines occupy the place where chapel and the old linden tree were. The age of avarice, of the sale of the national domains and of ecclesiastical property, has paid no respect to sanctuary, or to popular festivity, or to any memorials of the ancient simplicity and piety of our ancestors. Every thing of any value has been sacrificed for the sake of getting money."

After we passed the Kautenbach, a range of orchards, which extend as far as Trarbach, form an

agreeable contrast with the more open and smiling country on the opposite side of the Moselle. Lofty mountains of slate behind the orchards occasionally project their dark shadows over the river. Isolated rocks, decorated with thickets and brambles, lift their heads over the lofty precipices, while here vast ravines occur, in most of which slate quarries have been worked.



## CHAPTER II.

Romantic position of Trarbach. View towards Traben. Castle of Graefenburg. Archbishop Baldwin. His Captivity. Fortress built by his Ransom. Extraordinary Head-dress. Put down by Lady Shaftesbury. The Well-stein. Town of Traben. Its mystical Aspect. Image of Bacchus. His Smile. His Throne. Contrasts of Scenery. Beauty and Deformity. Fathomless Gulf. Ruins of Marienburg.

THE ruins of the convent of Wolf still formed a most striking object in the scenes through which we were passing. The views of the country all round from the eminence upon which those ruins stand must be magnificent. But our admiration for these remains of Christian antiquity was speedily lost in the still higher feeling of surprise, on beholding the town of Trarbach, the romantic situation of which is perfectly captivating. It has sometimes been compared to Oberwesel, one of the most picturesque places on the Rhine. A line of houses is built along the margin of the Moselle,

the valley of which is here considerably enlarged. The view from Trarbach towards Traben, on the other side of the river, and of the noble vineyards by which the latter town, seated on a high hill, is surrounded, may well be ranked among the gems of the Moselle. The interior streets of the town, as far as we could see, are of necessity most irregularly formed, on account of the hilly nature of the ground which they occupy. Some of the houses in those streets seemed to us perched in the air. The town is surrounded by a strong wall, still further strengthened by several towers. There are three gates, in good preservation, surmounted also by towers, which add much to the chivalrous aspect of the place. It contains a handsome old church and tapering steeple.

High in the heavens, upon an abrupt ridge of rocks, above the town, are seen the imposing ruins of the castle of Graefenburg. It is said to have been built by the Countess Loretta, of the family of Sponheim, in the year 1338, with the money procured by her for the ransom of Baldwin, one of the former archbishops of Treves. Bitter feuds had long existed between those prelate-princes and

the house of Sponheim. When the Countess became a widow, Baldwin, thinking that he might invade her territory, and plunder her people with impunity, made a regular foray through all her possessions, and seized a great part of them to his own use. But the Countess, who was a heroine of no ordinary spirit, soon collected a host of her vassals, and attacking the archbishop's troops, expelled them from every part of her domains. She remained apparently content with her triumph for a short time, until hearing that Baldwin was preparing to go down to Coblenz in his barge by the Moselle, she caused a strong chain to be drawn across the river, at the foot of the castle of Starkenburg. The archbishop having set out from Treves, attended only by a small retinue, was quietly sailing down the current, little suspecting the ambuscade that was prepared for him. The moment his barge struck the chain, a number of armed boats rushed towards his vessel; in a moment after he was a captive, and having been conducted into the castle, was there treated with the greatest courtesy by the countess, but was detained under strict guard until he consented to raze a fort which he

had commenced building on her territory, and moreover paid the sum, enormous in those times, of eleven thousand livres.

Thus supplied, the countess resolved on erecting a citadel on the summit of the mountain over Trarbach, amongst a number of abrupt rocks, where it was scarcely thought that a human habitation could have been erected. It was so constructed as to be unassailable on all sides. It had only two entrances, one a large gate which opened out on the Hunstruck, the other a narrow door on the side of the town, which could not be reached except by means of ladders. It had a number of large towers, and turrets in the usual form, an arsenal well supplied with modern and ancient weapons, and a vast cistern always kept filled with water for the supply of the garrison. Near the great gate was a tower, much more lofty than any of the others, accessible on the outside by means of wooden ladders, which might easily be removed in case of danger. The tower had a double wall, and a narrow staircase between, by which the guards within might ascend or descend without being seen from the outside. Opposite the great

gate there was an enormous precipice, called the *Hunns-Sprung*, or the leap of the Hunns. The citadel was flanked with bastions, and bristled all over with canon. It figures in the history of the Thirty Years' War, of the war of the Spanish Succession, and of the early wars of the French Revolution.

While this fortress was in the possession of Louis XIV., several considerable additions were made to it, to each of which a name was assigned, one of which was the *Fontanges*, or Lantern. There is a curious anecdote connected with this appellation; if I were to pass it over, the ladies never would forgive me.

One day, while Louis XIV. and his mistress were out hunting, the wind carried away part of her head-dress, and she was obliged, in consequence, to tie up her fine hair with a riband, which fell down in knots upon her forehead. The king thought this impromptu arrangement so becoming, that he entreated her not to change it the whole day, and the following day all the ladies of the court had their hair dressed after the same fashion, which was called—à la *Fontanges*. By degrees

the new style was improved, and the Fontanges eventually became regular fabrics; composed of iron wires, ribands, buckles, and needles, raised on the head to a height of nearly two feet, thus making the face to appear almost the centre of the person who wore it. If the fair bearer of this burden, over which the hair was wound, were to make the least movement, it threatened to tumble from her head, so that having once made good her way into a saloon, there she was compelled to be as motionless as an automaton.

This was such an extremely inconvenient fashion, that the king, who blamed himself for allowing it to be introduced, did all he could to banish it, but in vain; it was all the vogue, and no lady dared to go into company without having her hair dressed à la *Fontanges*. Equally ineffectual were all the exertions of the clergy to put down this innovation. At last one of our own spirited countrywomen did the business. Lady Shaftesbury, wife of Lord Shaftesbury, then ambassador at the court of France, had the courage to appear at court one day, with her hair very slightly elevated. Her denunciations against the absurd *Fontanges*, and her

example, had an instant effect, and the pyramids speedily disappeared, much to the annoyance of the king, who felt chagrined that a foreigner, and a woman, was much more powerful in the Parisian world of fashion than he was himself.

M. Stork, already mentioned, speaks in his work of a curious monument, called in that country the Well-stein, which is placed on an isolated peak, commanding a kind of rocky amphitheatre, on the summit of the mountains, about two leagues from Trarbach. From his description of it, it seems to be in every respect a fac-simile of our Stonehenge. I have seen the ruins of a similar temple—if such it ought to be called—near Glengariff, in Ireland, of which I could find no account in any of our books of antiquities.

The wines of Traben are reputed to possess a remarkably fine and delicate flavour. The town has a cheerful, youthful aspect, although it suffered severely in all the wars which have been carried on in this country. Its situation is peculiarly picturesque, on account of its being on a hill, as I have already stated, the vines extending beneath it all round to the margin of the Moselle, interspersed

here and there with pleasant gardens. The houses have a superior appearance ; they are arranged in a linear direction, and terminate near the church, which, together with the neat dwellings of the curate and the sacristan, form a group apart, in the midst of clustering vines.

There is something of a mystical aspect about this place, which has been thought in early times, according to tradition, to have arisen from its having been particularly favoured by Bacchus. It has been honoured as his image, which, with the licence of poetry, it might be considered, taking the town for the head, and the declivities, mantled in vines and gemmed with myriads of flowers, as the appropriate raiment of the god of wine. By a similar legendary faith, not altogether unsustained by the gay complexion of the place, Riesbach is said to have been so called, because it seems to be a reflection of the smile of Bacchus ; and to complete the picture, we are told that Trarbach was his throne.

However these etymologies may be disposed of by the linguists, one cannot avoid admitting, that there is every thing of beauty, of exuberance, of mystical interest, and inspiring joyousness in the



views, which, upon all this part of the Moselle, captivate the eye, to warrant the feeling, that if such a god had ever real existence, he could not have chosen a throne so meet, nor so charming an impression of his divine smile, nor so goodly an image of his person when most contented with his banquet, and most redolent of the juice of the grape, than Trarbach, Riesbach, and Traben.

One of the attractions, for an artist especially, in all these scenes, is the perpetual contrasts which he discovers between the sunny animation of one side of the river, and the frowning, savage solitudes of the ranges of the Hunstruck on the other, upon whose rocky precipices and deep ravines no beam of light seems ever to have fallen. Quarries of dark slate, left by the miners hewed out in the rudest shapes, look across the smoothly flowing river upon meadows, corn-fields, vineyards, gentle eminences, hills, and valleys, endowed with every form of grace, and yielding all things calculated “to cheer the heart of man,”

“To make man happy, and to keep him so.”

Those who have seen in St. Peter's the statues of Justice and Prudence, by Michael Angelo, in the

latter of which deformity prevails, while in the other there was so much of enrapturing loveliness, that a later artist had to cast a tunic over it, to chasten its charms, will here behold pictured in landscape, by the hand of nature, the same conception that had fired the mind of the immortal sculptor, while he chiselled out those unrivalled emanations of his genius.

On still between beauty and horror, until we reach the village of Starkenburg, the scene of Baldwin's captivity. Here is a promontory covered with brambles, behind which the armed boats, prepared to give him a most unexpected reception, were easily concealed. A little beyond this point is an escarped rock of schistus, at the foot of which there is a gulf, called the *Wog*, said to be unfathomable. We next passed by an island to Enkirch, a considerable village, said to contain 2,000 inhabitants. As the Moselle is here pretty free from windings, we were speedily in sight of the celebrated ruins of Marienburg, originally a convent, and subsequently converted into a fortification. Our direct course was, however, of very short duration, for the moment we arrived at the

village of Punderich, we wheeled about instantly to the right. I observed from the chart which I held in my hand, that had a canal been cut across the land here, a sailing vessel might have been spared at least three hours to gain the opposite point, such is the extent of the sinuosity which we had here to penetrate. A passenger who wished to vary his route might have here disembarked, and walked across the isthmus, if it may be so called, in less than an hour, the distance being scarcely three miles.

## CHAPTER III.

Convent of Marienburg. Its Canonesses. View from the Convent. The Village of Zell. Jean Hugo. His kindness to a poor Convent. A Priest in Vacation. Valley of the Isbach. Its Sylvan Beauties. Volcanic Country. Curious Grotto. Town of Alf. Fort of Arras. Festivities at Bulay. Echoes. Change of Scenery. Convent of Stuben.

MARIENBURG, in the middle ages, belonged to a religious order of females, who followed the rules of St. Augustin. It was also occupied for a while by twelve canonesses of noble descent ; but the position was found of so much importance in times of war, that it was frequently occupied by troops, and became so inconvenient for the residence of women, that the canonesses were eventually removed, and permitted to take up their abodes separately wherever they chose. A pension was conceded to each, of twenty-five golden florins, half a tun of wine, and three sacks of wheat. The last inhabitants of

these cloisters are said to have quitted them with very great reluctance ; and well they might, for the scenes which they had been accustomed to contemplate from their terraces must have deeply attached them to their holy retreat.

Beneath, the Moselle presented itself to their view, in the form nearly of four different rivers radiating from the foot of the rock upon which their convent stood, so extraordinary are the windings of the Moselle in this vicinity. Raising their eyes from the waters, they gazed upon an amphitheatre of hills, clothed with a sombre forest to the utmost verge of the horizon. In the nearer ground of the picture were slopes spread with vines, villages with their neat chapels and spires, gardens, farm-yards, boats with their cargoes ascending and descending the river, barges haply bearing gay parties on tours of amusement ; troops of oxen wending their way to or from their pastures, herons soaring, or perched on rocks, watching the favourable moment to pounce upon their prey below. The sisters must have felt peculiar delight, while, walking in their gardens and telling their beads, the sounds of sweet bells, especially on Sundays and

holidays, reached them on their airy height, from the numerous churches, convents, and rustic chapels, by which they were surrounded.

From Marienburg it is but a short distance to Zell. This village, of nearly two thousand inhabitants, is situated in a charming valley, which seems to retire into the heart of the mountain. The declivities on either side are richly cultivated, with the exception of those where clusters of rocks defy the toil of the husbandman. The debris of the old walls by which the place was formerly surrounded, and the remains of watch-towers and fortifications, indicate the importance attached to it in the times of the wars. The portion of it near the Moselle presents a line of handsome houses, with modern façades, gardens prettily laid out and carefully dressed, and several picturesque groups of poplar trees. In the interior of the village the habitations are of a much more ancient architecture. “Other men,” says a quaint foreign writer, speaking of this contrast, “and other manners existed in those earlier times, and one is at first surprised to see come forth from those massive buildings, ornamented with Gothic sculptures, ladies and gentlemen in

light costume, distinguished for their taste and fashionable air, and saluting each other in the narrow streets, according to the usages of *bon ton* !” The wine of Zell is of the most exquisite order.

Not far from here stands the hamlet of Springiersbach, where there was formerly a convent of Carmelites. They enjoyed a revenue of wine, which was taken away from them by the Prince of Salm. The good elector, Jean Hugo, paid them an unexpected visit one evening in Lent, while they were at collation, and having nothing to drink in consequence of the loss of their revenue, except small beer, a pint of which was placed before each of the friars. Hugo tasted the beer, and eat of their black, ill-baked rye bread, its only accompaniment. He took compassion on the poor monks, and said to them—“ Well, never mind ; you shall henceforth have a better beverage than this during Lent. I some time ago lent the people of *Burg* a sum of money, which they never can repay, for it was counted down in pieces of the rarest gold, and pieces like to these they never can return. For interest, I receive annually a tun of wine at my own choice, the growth of the soil belonging to Burg.

Now, this tun I hereby assign to you, for your beverage during Lent. I only ask in return, that when the pitcher, filled with my wine, is placed upon your table, you will drink a merry toast to Jean Hugo; and that after my death, the pitcher shall be ornamented with a black riband, and shall not begin to be pushed around, until a solemn *de Profundis* be recited for the repose of my soul."

Having completed our round-about course to the opposite point of the isthmus, before noticed, we proceeded to Alf, a village situated at the mouth of the valley of the Isbach, where the Luxemburg priest left us, in order to pursue his course to Bertrich. The good pastor evidently looked forward to this little excursion with a great deal of pleasure. He had frequently drank of the waters before, and never without benefit to his health. The month he meant to spend there would be his annual vacation from the severe labours of his mission; his mind seemed at perfect ease. He described to me with great minuteness the beauties of the place. The valley of the Isbach river, through which he had to travel a distance of about six miles, he said, was of itself a continued landscape of the most charm-



ing character. The river exceeded even the Moselle, in the number and abruptness of his sinuosities, and every step presented something new to be admired. As a tract of sylvan scenery he thought it unrivalled; the declivities of the hills on each side were clothed to the very summits with various species of trees, whose differently tinted and exuberant foliage always afforded delight to the eye, and umbrageous shelter from the sun, while the limpid current, abounding in fish, meandering over a bed of many-coloured stones and pebbles, and singing merrily as it sought its way to the Moselle, did him, as he thought, more good than even the mineral element, of which he drank every morning. Returning to his favourite walks, now winding through the woods, now passing by the banks of this beautiful stream, after his eleven months of hard work, with broken health, weakened digestive powers, and an over-occupied mind, he no sooner (he added) entered the valley than he experienced a sense of relief, as if his heart had been baptized in the cool waters of the Isbach.

I observed to him that the mountains through which we had been just passing seemed to me to

possess much of the volcanic character. He agreed with me, and further said, that many volcanoes had, in former ages, existed in different parts of the Hunstruck mountains. In the neighbourhood of Bertrich also numbers of craters were still to be seen. He mentioned a curious grotto, which was one of the "lions" for the visitors of Bertrich. It was composed, floor, sides, roof and all, of basaltic materials, portions of which were in a columnar form. The joints of the columns were corroded, and were thus made so nearly to resemble old cheeses, that the grotto has been called the "Kaesekeller"—that is the Cheese-cellar. The waters of the baths he described as warm and sulphurous. He used them inwardly, and though at first disagreeable to the taste, he found them so efficacious that he soon became reconciled to them. The number of visitors in the season was not great; the place was retired, the accommodations decent and economical, suitable to the circumstances of those who, like himself, were not rich, and who merely went there for the sake of health and retirement.

Alf contains several houses of a superior order, painted in green and white. The church, which

stands on a hill above it, is of modern construction, simple and chaste in its style, and in good keeping with the general aspect of the country. A little way up the valley may be seen the ruins of the fort of Arras, connected with many events which occurred in the days of chivalry. It was attacked in the year 1138 by Adalbert, one of the former warrior-archbishops of Treves, and such was the resistance offered to him, that he swore, not exactly in oriental style, by his beard, but that he never would shave until he succeeded in taking the fort. There are some iron forges and furnaces up the valley.

On the right bank of the Moselle, opposite Alf, is the village of Bulay, half-hidden behind groups of shady trees. Merry troops of young urchins ran down to shout to us as we passed. This village was formerly the rendezvous for all the country round, to celebrate their periodical festivals. Upon one of these occasions, it is said that Frederick of Hallstein, a hero distinguished for his extraordinary strength, while the people were all engaged in the amusements of the day, appeared suddenly in the midst of them with a hog'shead,

containing a whole tun of wine, on his shoulder, out of which he drank *ad libitum*. Two men of the neighbourhood, determined not to be outdone, and to maintain the honour of their district in the presence of the stranger, immediately quitted the festive scene, and shortly after returned, each bearing on his shoulder a similar burden, to the great astonishment and joy of the spectators, and the whole three drank together, amidst shouts of applause, to the healths of the Roman Emperor, the Elector of Treves, and the Abbess of Marienberg. *Credat Judæus!*

Immediately after quitting Alf, the steward's assistant fired off a pistol, in order to display the echoes on this part of the river. The first redoubled with loud voices quite near us, and then ran gradually diminishing away among the distant mountains.

The scenery here changes materially in its character. Hitherto, for a considerable distance, we had mountains on one side, and levels or gentle eminences with hills occasionally on the other. But in approaching Bremm and Aldegund, the chains approach so nearly to each other on both banks of

the river, that they seemed as if they were to impede our further progress; there are, moreover, small islands in the river which complete the illusion. However, as we advanced we found our way by degrees opening through terraces, most of which were walled up to preserve the soil upon which the vines grow.

Bremm, on our left, is situated at the foot of a gigantic mass of rocks, which rise above it in amphitheatrical form. Rude though they be, the vine is successfully cultivated upon them to the very top. On the right the mountain recedes a little, so as to afford space for a meadow, upon which formerly stood the convent occupied by the Chapter of the noble ladies of Stuben. The very ruins of the building have nearly all disappeared, with the exception of a massive wall, which appears to have formerly belonged to the chapel. This spot has all the charms of that solitude and repose which one retreating from the turmoil of the world would desire to discover.

## CHAPTER IV.

Succession of Pictures on the River. Numerous turns. Multitudinous Villages. Beilstein. Remarkable course of the Moselle. Steam-boats on the River. Paucity of Passengers. The Moselle not yet well known. Former modes of Transit. Attractions of its Scenery. Our Dinner-table. The Saloon Dinners. Sudden desertion of the Saloon. Cochem. A Female Acquaintance. Speculations on her Character. Her Portrait. Caution to Young Travellers. Manœuvres. A German Key. A Female Adventurer. A Satanic Tempter. Admonitions.

A SUCCESSION of villages with old houses, lofty gables, through the small windows of which pretty laughing faces were peeping; elevated broken hills, hamlets and cottages perched upon or almost hidden amongst them; streets terminating in archways on the bank; vistas through these archways, presenting groups of men, women, and children, as if placed there for an artist to sketch; occasionally isolated hills, high, dark, desolate, frowning and jutting into the river; deep ravines; volcanic

hills, constantly varying in shape and height, some naked, some densely wooded, with vines interspersed; mountains rising on each side perpendicularly, as if they had been hewn down to make way for the current upon which we were gliding; strips, nay, patches of vines, wherever a handful of soil could be retained to nourish them, formed the features of the scenery through which we approached Beilstein.

Every moment some curious novelty appeared. Our progress was so rapid, that it seemed as if we were about to strike against an impenetrable mass of huge rock. But though pencilling my notes as rapidly and with as much brevity as I could, I scarcely looked up from my book, when the difficulties I had just deemed insurmountable were passed, and a new series of similar (apparent) obstacles came in view. The eye and hands of the pilot were never at rest. It required a perfect knowledge of the river to escape from being dashed every instant against one bank or the other, so short, so quick, were the turns in the course of the current. In some parts of the passage the strata of slate took a slanting direction, and a thousand

interstices having been formed in them by the rains and storms, they assumed the appearance of staircases from the base to the summit of the mountain.

It was difficult to set down the names, or even to count the number, much less to catch the striking features, of the villages by which we now passed. They had all one sort of attraction or another: churches, bits of fortifications, towers more or less ruined, fragments of old Roman remains, and white cottages in sheltered recesses of rocks. Senheim and Senhals are particularly striking for their romantic aspect. So also is Beilstein, nestled at the foot of a rock, upon the top of which stand the ruins of a round tower, and of a set of fortifications, surmounted by a square donjon keep, constituting altogether one of the most picturesque memorials of chivalry to be seen on the Moselle.

The course of the river immediately after quitting Beilstein is very remarkable: the windings of the Danube and the Rhine are, in some places, sufficiently curious; but the turn which the Moselle pursues here appears fantastic. It proceeds



at first right towards the west for a short distance, then it runs along towards the north-west, then passing a very narrow promontory, rushes back almost direct south to a point considerably below the latitude of Beilstein, and almost as far as Senheim, until it arrives at Cochem. There bending round again, it proceeds northward. Its greatest caprices may be said to be then over; its curves, with a few exceptions, are not subsequently very remarkable, as if it thought fit to prepare itself, with all due decorum and dignity, for its union with the Rhine.

We met near Beilstein the second boat that plies upon the Moselle, belonging to the same company as that in which we were embarked. It is named after the river itself, and seemed to be of about the same power and tonnage as ours. Our boat was as yet anonymous. I afterwards learned from a member of the company that they intended to call it the "Baldwin," in honour of the archbishop of Treves, whom I have had occasion more than once to mention. The engines of our vessel were represented to me as producing a power equivalent to that of one hundred and eighty horses. The en-

terprise had not as yet assumed a successful aspect. It was new, and although the river had no doubt been previously traversed by many persons who are fond of beautiful scenery, and of angling in the many rivulets which yield their tributes to the Moselle, nevertheless, the number of visitors has hitherto been so extremely limited, especially from England, that the company were still much in advance upon their speculation.

The Moselle, not being on the highway to the baths of Germany, has been altogether neglected by our hosts of summer emigrants; or, I should rather perhaps say, that it has not been known to them. Moreover, the facilities of steam navigation upon the river did not exist before the summer of 1841; and the barges, which previously afforded the only means of transit, were far from being comfortable. Most of the inns between Treves and Coblenz, on both sides of the Moselle, are said to be of a very inferior character; so that I believe it is my good fortune to introduce to the notice of my countrymen the countless, and I may truly add, the matchless charms of this river.

As it fell to my lot to open to Europe the pre-

viously unknown wonders of the Danube, and to give no slight impulse to the undertaking of the association by which steam-boats were first launched upon it, so I trust that the description which this work contains of the Moselle will induce many to enjoy the delight which my friend and I experienced while contemplating its attractions—attractions which are still, and ever will be to us, sources of the most agreeable recollections. For my own part, I look back upon that voyage as a vision, of which I could not have had any presentiment. I hope that before my sun sets below the horizon of life, I may have the happiness to enjoy it again, and to roam over the romantic hills and valleys by which its banks are so prodigally ornamented.

We had, during the latter hours of our voyage, taken in at various stations several passengers chiefly of the better orders of society. The principal cabin was raised, leaving a space between the door of entrance and the stern open. Foreseeing the consequence of the numbers who would sit down to dinner, and of the heat caused by the proximity of the boilers, I concluded that even a temporary confinement in such an oven would be

any thing but agreeable. Moreover, finding it impossible to withdraw myself from the panorama through which we were still passing, I secured a small table in the open space above mentioned, where we ordered our dinner to be brought. But I could not put my pencil out of my hand. A little soup and roast chicken were quite sufficient to appease my corporeal appetite, the spirit really prevailing in this instance over the flesh, in every sense of the word.

I suspect there was a little ingenuity played off here by the steward, by fixing the dinner hour precisely at the time when the vessel would be passing through some of the choicest scenery on the Moselle. At all events, the first course was scarcely over, when the word "Cocheim" having been announced by one of the waiters, the company all rushed out in a body, and ascended the deck, in order to admire the singularly beautiful prospect of that ancient town and its environs. They came out, the ladies especially, dripping with the results of the atmosphere in which they must have been nearly boiled, and they found it so difficult to return to their steam bath, and the perfumes with

which it was medicated—perfumes, I fancy, not much improved by the odour of soups and vegetables and meats—that they declined to return to the cabin. The waiters pretended to be in a state of perturbation, but they were not slow in removing the cloth.

Our table was the envy of some of the passengers, who had wished to have prolonged their repast, for Germans are not fond of being interrupted upon such occasions. We, of course, offered our table to any of the ladies who would accept of it, but they all declined except one, who said, in very good English, spoken with a German accent, that she would not deprive us of either of our chairs, but that, if we would permit her, she would join our party; and so saying she ordered a stool to be brought down from the deck, and dessert and wine to be set down before her.

All this was done with the coolest air imaginable. I had noticed her in the morning, for she had embarked at Treves, walking on deck unaccompanied, occasionally reading, then suddenly stopping, and placing herself in a pensive, rather theatrical attitude, evidently soliciting attention. Admiration

she could hardly have expected, for though her figure was very good, and rather above the ordinary female size, her bust and her features bore every trace of the epoch at the wrong side of forty. And yet it was manifest that the handmaids of a green-room might, by the exercise of their miraculous art, have sent this lady forth on the stage, looking at least some ten or fifteen years younger. Her eyes were dark and good, and so well disciplined in the science of expression, in the roll, the leer, the coquettish downward look, the piercing glance from the corner of the eye-lid, that I had no hesitation in setting her down in my notes, as either a public player, or a singer, or, perhaps, both.

I endeavoured, in the most delicate way I could, to gain a little information upon this point, but I was unsuccessful. She talked a good deal about our literature ; said she was a German, and shewed by her conversation that she possessed a good deal of taste. She was not over-dressed, but what she had on was of the best materials. Here I should have left her portrait, but I think it may be useful to some young travellers, into whose hands these volumes may chance to fall, to follow up the sketch

I have given of her, by a few particulars, which may, I hope, serve as a caution to them when wandering abroad.

She at first endeavoured to recommend herself to my especial notice, talked of the inconveniences to which ladies, obliged by affairs of importance to make long journeys, were exposed, and of the miseries of having upon such occasions nobody to talk to. I saw at once her object, and treated her accordingly, but with all necessary politeness. Her manœuvres—and they displayed consummate skill and tact—were next played off upon my young friend. But even had I not been near to warn him, his own solid virtues would have saved him from danger—danger, by the bye, not very serious in this case, for the lady, though not without some remnants of comeliness, possessed no very irresistible attractions.

When we subsequently landed at Coblenz, we found her in the same hotel with ourselves, and as it is the usual fashion in Germany for all the guests, whether families, single ladies, or gentlemen, to breakfast, dine, and sup in the same saloon, generally a very spacious one, it happened, by some

*accident* that we were again near each other, while Bellew and I were endeavouring to console ourselves for the scanty dinner (not certainly attributable to the steward) which we had had on board the steamer. The presence of many other guests deterred her from renewing her conversation with us : but she had not yet abandoned her designs.

To the key of every sleeping-chamber in the hotel there is attached a small round piece of lead, upon which is impressed the number of the apartment to which it affords access. Our friend laid her key upon the table, near her plate, but she took very good care that the side of the lead shewing the *number* should be uppermost. Her purpose, so far as we were concerned, turned out a decided failure, and she saw it. She then upon some pretext postponed her supper. In a few minutes after, we saw her seated before a *cotelette de veau*, and in high conversation with a Jew ! The next day we observed her hastening on board the steam-boat for Dusseldorf !

Now, I believe, I do this person no injustice in designating her as an adventurer, who had set out upon an expedition to find some dupe, more espe-



cially, if she could, some English dupe, upon whom she could fix herself for a while, and from whose pockets she might extract as much money as she could. The first stage of blandishments being over, she would next have recourse to persecution, from which she would not desist until her captive should propitiate her by a considerable ransom.

This occurrence reminds me of another somewhat kindred circumstance, which I ought to have already mentioned. Being on our way from Namur to Dinant in the *coupé* of the diligence, while changing horses at the first stage from the former place, a man, not ill-dressed, but by no means of prepossessing appearance, entered the *coupé*, and placed himself between Bellew and me. There was abundant room for him in the interior of the diligence, and I intimated as much to him ; but he did not take the hint. Meantime the fresh horses were put to, and we drove off. He was apparently very anxious to engage us in conversation, told us that he was an officer in the police, and produced a very handsome tortoise-shell snuff-box from which he requested us to take snuff. This we declined. He then called our attention to a painting

upon the external side of the lid of the box. The painting represented a group of figures at cards, and was certainly very beautifully executed. As he conceived that he had thus made some way with us, he said that there was on the inside of the lid another painting much better executed even than the one we had seen, and instantly he turned it up and placed before us a scene of the most disgusting description. Desiring him to shut his box instantly, I told him plainly that he was an agent of Satan, and that if he did not quit the *coupé* at the next stage, I should denounce him to the conducteur. I must admit that he appeared utterly dismayed at the suddenness of my attack:—"You are quite right, Sir," he said; "I am indeed what you have described me." He put his box in his pocket, uttered no other word, and at the next stage he lost no time in getting out of the *coupé*, not daring to wish us "*Bon jour*," or even to look up at us. May I hope that the incident has not been without useful results to himself?

But may I still farther trust that the relation of this occurrence will serve to caution youthful tourists upon the continent, against the host of

tempters of the same class as this bad man, who abound in every populous city, especially in Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Prague, Munich, Milan, Florence, and Naples? The first and the last of the cities literally swarm with the most degraded of the masculine division of our species; and the chances are at least fifty to one, that a young gentleman of any appearance of wealth will not escape with untainted morals from either Naples or Paris, unless his religious principles be of the soundest order, or he be accompanied by a friend who knows how to protect him from these vile traders in the most fatal and infamous of all the vices.

## CHAPTER V.

Situation of Cochem. Its Castle. Its Trade. Marshal Boufflers. Religious Edifices. Church of St. Castor. Days of the Pilgrimages. Romantic Castle of Elz. Its Interior. Its Armoury. Moselkern. Its Misfortunes. Its peculiar Afflictions. Castle of Bishofstein. Pilgrimage Stations. Ehrenberg Castle.

COCHEM is seated at the base of two hills of the sugar-loaf shape, one considerably higher than the other, and each surmounted by the ruins of ancient castles, several of the towers of which are still standing in very good preservation. At the foot of the more elevated hill there is a square castle not much injured by time. Far behind may be seen piles of mountains, some tabled at the top, some descending in waving lines until they are lost in the azure distance. A valley opens between the two castle-crowned hills. It is of no great extent, but it exhibits a picture of natural fertility, and of human industry carried to one of the highest

practicable degrees of perfection, diversified by bold escarpments of naked rocks, and by eminences covered with brambles.

The single castle just mentioned, as near the Moselle, stands upon a plateau of rock. Its watch-towers and the strong wall by which it is surrounded disclose the importance formerly attached to Cochem, it having been then one of the imperial towns. The bleached battlements, when illumined by the sun, shine out with the lustre of burnished steel armour. Higher up the hill, at the foot of which the castle is placed, there is a small old chapel, which imparts an air of sanctity, as the castle does of chivalry, to the picture. To the parish church is annexed a belfry of considerable height, and we have moreover within vision an old Capuchin convent, now a school, which, from its imposing extent and lofty situation, possesses an imposing feature in the general scene.

The town is seated on the left bank of the river, in a sort of funnel, of little more than half a league in diameter. It has always been a port of some consequence, and is said to contain 2,500 inhabitants. Almost every house is engaged in trade, its

principal commerce being in the prime wines of its vicinity, in linens, groceries, and iron. It has all the appearance of being a busy and highly prosperous town, and carries on a considerable trade with Coblenz, Frankfort on the Maine, and several places on the banks of the Moselle.

In the season when its passage-boat is engaged in conducting the merchants to and from the great fair of Frankfort, it is their custom, upon their return, to throw toys to the little urchins who take good care to crowd the banks of the Moselle when the passage-boat is expected on its way back to Cochem. This town and its neighbourhood have an ample space in the histories of all the wars carried on in that country. The characters of the French Marshal Boufflers, and of his subordinate in command, M. de Grignan (son-in-law of Madame de Sevigné), are deeply stained by their conduct here towards the valiant men who held out for a long time against the forces of Louis XIV. The town having been eventually taken by storm, the Marshal cruelly issued an order, which was literally executed by de Grignan, that the whole garrison, consisting of 1,600 Brandenburgers, should be put

to the sword. The ruins on the lesser hill are those of Winneburg, the ancient family seat of the Metternichs.

Proceeding on our course, we passed by the village of Clotten, very prettily situated. It has a considerable trade in slates. The mountains here begin to decline in grandeur, and the river flowing onward in a tamer course allowed me to lay down my well-worn pencil for a while. Treis, an ancient Roman town, is distinguished by a peculiarly elegant modern church. It is traversed by the Flaumbach, which during autumn abounds in crawfish and salmon. Nearly opposite Treis is (on the left bank) Carden, than which no town on the Moselle is more celebrated for the number and beauty of its old religious edifices. And, as if belonging to the "good old times," up came, at the moment we were approaching the town, a small barge with a cross erected in it.

At the left, upon the point of a rock, stands the solitary chapel of Zills; and on the right, the very remarkable church of St. Castor, with its three lofty belfries, which, added to the high gables and lengthened roofs in the Romanesque style of archi-

ture, tend to give it a peculiar and most interesting appearance. This church was erected in the twelfth century, when the body of the saint (subsequently transferred to Coblenz) was buried in it. Here are also a female convent, and on several parts of the declivities small oratories, with well-trodden paths leading to them. These are all stations for pilgrimages which were of very frequent occurrence in the olden days of piety.

The traditions of the neighbourhood speak of a holy hermit who sustained himself by eating the wild fruits of the woods; of a good man, the founder of several religious houses, who drank only of water, in order that he might bestow his wine upon the poor; and of dukes, and princes, and "lords, and ladies gay," who, dressed in the garb of pilgrims, used to come periodically to visit the shrines of St. Castor, and perform amongst them their devotions. The saint lived in the fourth century, and was one of the most celebrated of the missionaries, who dedicated themselves to the conversion of the Pagan inhabitants of the country. A rude grotto is shewn above the town, which is said to have been his chief residence. There is



still in it a curious old cross. By the water side, at the lower end of the town, is a singular castellated building, with projecting towers. It was probably intended to be the palace of some "baron bold," though never completed for that purpose.

Mrs. Radcliffe would have been enraptured had it been her fortune to have visited Elz, so called from the rivulet of that name, which, after making a thousand contortions, runs nearly round a lofty hill on its course to the Moselle. Upon the summit of the hill is seated an old castle, famous in the history of the Electorate of Treves, and as the cradle of the brave knights of Elz ; strange to say, this old building has been spared, both by the lapse of time and the hand of man. It remains, with some very few exceptions, precisely as it was three centuries ago. The summit of the hill upon which it stands is wholly occupied by the building, and it is accessible only by a narrow isthmus, from which it is reached by a draw-bridge ; its high gables, its pointed slate roofs, its numberless towers and turrets, its oriel and narrow pointed windows filled with painted glass of every colour, give it externally all the features which we know to have belonged,

but are now so rarely seen, to a genuine primitive feudal palace.

Dark vaulted passages conduct the visitor from the gate of the entrance to a narrow and obscure court, where he would expect every moment to see mailed knights mounting their steeds, prepared to go forth upon some hostile expedition. The country people are fully persuaded that this castle is haunted by a spirit, which they call "der Burggeist."

The interior of the edifice abounds in corridors, labyrinths of chambers of every shape, octagonal, hexagonal, circular, square, and three-corner ; spiral staircases, mysterious recesses, sliding panels, secret rooms and recesses, possessing no kind of order, and shewing many traces of alterations made according to the taste of its various proprietors. Near the entrance there is a small chapel, which seems to have been constructed without the slightest regard to elegance. In the armoury there are still several curious objects, such as pieces of old tapestry, tilting saddles, lances, bows and arrows, and rusty coats of mail. Many more articles of this kind had been deposited formerly in this saloon, but at the time of the first French invasion

(1791) they were removed to Mayence. What has since become of them does not appear to be known; amongst them were cuirasses and horse-trappings bearing the sign of the cross; no doubt they had been used by the knights of Elz, who had accompanied the emperor Frederick to Palestine. In some of the galleries portraits of the family are hung up, executed in a very indifferent style, and fast fading away. The roof in some parts is in a most dilapidated condition. The walls of the turrets are pierced with loopholes, through which may be seen romantic views of the surrounding country. The circuitous courses of the Elz, through the woods and rocks below, can be advantageously traced through these apertures.

Resuming our way down the river, we passed by some rows of orange trees which we saw for the first time; and then by the village of Moselkern, exhibiting its exceedingly handsome houses, backed by beautiful landscapes, and many tokens of a prosperous trade. This village encountered a series of particularly severe misfortunes during the thirty years' war, and still more after the peace of Westphalia. Two regiments of Swedish cavalry had

harassed the inhabitants, by having made it their free quarters during a long winter. They had scarcely taken their departure, when the left bank of the river was occupied by twenty regiments of Imperial Lorrainers, with 10,000 draught horses. These troops infinitely surpassed those of Sweden in ferocity. Although the soldiers of a Catholic prince, they made no distinction between priest and layman; they plundered the villages, convents, and churches, all round the country. The peasants fled into the depths of the forests, and the recesses of the mountains. The soldiers in their fury destroyed every thing they could lay their hands upon; they demolished the houses, and burnt the timbers, or threw them into the Moselle.

“It is not,” says the narrator of these facts (who wrote in Latin), “a heretic, a Jew, or a Turk, who has inflicted upon us these evils, but a neighbouring prince, and a Catholic, whom we have in no way whatever injured or provoked.” He adds with much naïveté, which shews, however, how terribly the poor people had suffered: “*Felices sane fuerunt mulieres nostræ, quia tanquam steriles ab anni hujus initio hoc usque, unâ solummodo ex-*

ceptâ, non peperunt : id quod non maledictionem ut olim, sed magnam benedictionem credo :”—  
“ Truly fortunate were our women, who, as if barren from the beginning of this year down to this moment, one alone excepted, brought forth no children ; an event, which, though under other circumstances would have been considered a curse, I look upon as a great blessing.”

The castle of Bishofstein shewed itself to us from a considerable distance. Its tall cylindrical donjon tower is a very remarkable object, on account of a well-defined white streak by which it is surrounded ; a particularity attributed by the people of the country to an inundation, during which the waters, it is supposed, ascended to the altitude of that cincture, although no account has been handed down of any such flood since the period when this valley had been first inhabited.

Opposite the castle are the ruins of an old chapel, surrounded by brambles, and a little lower down a second chapel, the ancient ornaments and mitred windows of which are still in excellent preservation. A pathway leads up the mountain, on either side of which may be seen small shrines, and fragments

of not ill-executed images of saints, shewing that this was a place where pilgrimages were performed in other days. Silence and solitude now prevail, where formerly pious hymns and canticles were heard, accompanied by the pipe and tabor, and the sacred standards of the pilgrims, exhibiting the cross, floated in the air.

We next arrived at Hatzenport, pleasantly situated. Its church stands prominent upon a height, separated by a ravine from a savage-looking chain of mountains. Ehrenburg castle then comes in view. The village is placed at the foot of an isolated mountain, as if to secure to itself protection from the knights, who, in former ages, occupied the castle upon its summit. That strong-hold, however, has long since been abandoned, its ruin having been wrought more by the influence of time and tempest than by the hand of man. The historical recollections with which it is associated render it one of the most interesting monuments of chivalry in all Germany.

## CHAPTER VI.

Village of Brodenbach. Magical Valley. The Castle of Thron. Punishment of a Spy. Lehmen. Gondorf. Inelement Weather. "Race" in the Moselle. Variable Lights. Ruins of Cobern. Chapel of St. Matthew. Sculptures injured by Soldiers. Dieblieh. Vale of Chivalry. Vine Terraces. Country of the Clergy. A Nunnery. Its frail Sentinel.

THE village of Brodenbach, just below Hatzenport, would scarcely have demanded notice, but for a curious relic of antiquity which is seen there, a crucifix sculptured in the wall of a private house, and near it the escutcheon of the noble family of Ehrenberg-Pyrmont, with the date of 1444. Above the head of the Redeemer is the figure of a pelican opening her breast for the nourishment of her young, and at the foot is a representation of a knight engaged in prayer. This crucifix is no doubt the one referred to in the register of the castle, which says, under the date

of 1480:—"En automne, un ohm de vin au chapelain du burg, pour litanies devant le crucifix de la cour." The river Ehrenbach, near the mouth of which the village is situated, issues out of a ravine, which, though gloomy and uninviting at first, opens, as if by enchantment, upon a most charming valley, diversified by vineyards and emerald pastures, and shut in, as if to preserve its solitude sacred, by an amphitheatre of impending rocks, from which fall several cascades. What a delightful spot for a hermitage!

The Moselle here makes a sudden curve to the left, and conducts us to the little town of Alken. A mass of rocks juts out boldly here almost into the river. In order to mark it, an image of St. John Népomucène, the patron of watermen, has been erected amongst the higher cliffs. On the summit of a high mountain is seen the celebrated castle of Thron, still imposing, even in its ivy-mantled ruins. Its two round towers with their battlements, and the extent of its walls, sufficiently attest that it was not formerly the residence of an inferior knight. The construction of it was commenced by the Count Palatin Henry, upon his



return from Palestine. It was finished in the year 1209, when it became his ordinary place of abode. At that time he exercised sovereignty over the imperial territories on the borders of the Moselle, as the delegate of his brother, the Emperor Otho IV. This castle was often an apple of discord between the Hotspur princes and electors of those days. Upon one occasion it was saved from capture by the Count Palatin, who brought a reinforcement to its relief; and as soon as the invaders were driven away, the conquerors punished a judge of the village who acted as a spy for the besiegers, by suspending him to a rope fastened above the ravine that separates the mountain upon which the castle stands from that of Bleiden, and made him swing in the air over a frightful abyss. In one of the towers of the castle an old picture on canvass is shewn, representing this execution.

On to Catenes, a small village, so called from the Latin word *Catena*, chain, because the Romans, it is said, often barred the river here by an iron chain drawn across from side to side. From Catenes the Moselle winds slightly to Lehmen, which is in good repute for its wines; and then to

Gondorf. The latter carries on an extensive trade in the sale of wood, and also of potters' earth and pipe-clay. It serves Holland with a great proportion of its materials for the pipe manufacture.

During the preceding three or four hours the day was very fine, and particularly favourable for viewing the unrivalled scenery through which we had been so delightfully gliding; but as we approached Coblenz the sky was suddenly darkened, and although now and then gleams of light escaped through breaks in the clouds, yet they rapidly disappeared. The temperature, which had lately been rather warm than otherwise, became remarkably cold, and while passing by two or three deep ravines on the right bank, gusts of wind of a very violent character rushed out upon us, and sensibly agitated the surface of the river: the heavens seemed threatening every moment to pour down upon us a deluge.

The summits of the hills and mountains as we passed still continued to be crowned with castles and ruins of the most picturesque description. We had to encounter, just before we reached Cobern, a "race" in the Moselle. I know not

whether this is a usual occurrence, or whether it was to be attributed to the extraordinary force of the wind, by which the ordinary curls of the surface were lifted into mimic waves, which even foamed against our vessel. The elements seemed much disturbed all around us; the clouds were rushing in a westerly direction, and through them came rays of the sun, now flinging luminous patches upon the hills, over which they chased each other, now forming long paths of light upon the Moselle, which were no sooner defined than they were withdrawn, as if exhibited through the lens of a magic lantern.

The ruins upon the height behind the little town of Cobern may be justly said to wear an air of peculiar grandeur. They consist principally of two castles, surrounded by massive walls of cut stone, according to the modern usage. Within the enclosure of the upper castle stands one of the most remarkable chapels in Europe, dedicated in honour of the apostle St. Matthew. It has been lately restored by a skilful architect, and is well worth examination. The best account I could find of this edifice represents it as constructed in

the oriental style, of which very few examples are to be seen in the Rhenish countries, and only one or two in Italy. It is in the form of the baptistery of Constantine, near the church of St. John Latern, in Rome, or, in other words, of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The model of it is said to have been brought over from Palestine by the Burggraf Henri d'Issenburg, a near relative of Gerlach the younger, lord of Cobern, who described himself in all his acts as "Cruce Signatus." It is a hexagon of five-and-twenty feet in diameter, in the middle of which a second hexagon is elevated, terminating in a cupola of ten feet in diameter; the cupola is lighted by six windows, and sustained by six columns, each of which rests upon clusters of four small pillars, united by arches. The windows resemble the ace of clubs in shape. The exact date of the construction of this very graceful building is unknown; it is well ascertained, however, that a perpetual lamp, established by the Archbishop Boëmond, was burning in it in the year 1360.

The imposing beauty of this celebrated chapel, and its position upon a steep rock, had preserved it from injury, until the period of the passage of

the Rhine by the allied armies in 1814, when some volunteer chasseurs, placed for observation in the town, entered the chapel in a state of intoxication, and broke one of the most elegant sculptures by which the altar was adorned. A holy hermit who lived near it collected the fragments, and took care of them while he lived. Their subsequent fate is unknown. The people of the country call this edifice the Church of the Knights Templar, very probably because, after the abolition of the order, several of its members resided at Altenberg for some years. It was the principal station of the great pilgrimage which used to take place every year upon the festival of St. Matthew, and which the inhabitants of Coblenz formerly extended along the banks of the Moselle, as far as Treves. The character of the country near Cobern, and the fashion of the houses, give it very much of a Swiss aspect.

At a short distance below Cobern stands Dieblich, the terminus of that part of the district of the Moselle which may be correctly described as the "Vale of Chivalry," extending from that point perhaps about nine leagues altogether up the river,

upon both its banks. From twelve to twenty towns and villages; many castles, churches, chapels, pilgrimage stations, and other emblems of the spirit of independence and valiantry, in those ages always mingled with an enthusiastic regard to religion, combine to prove the attachment which numbers of the noble crusaders, after their return from Palestine, appear to have conceived for all that part of the country.

There were indeed in it, as we have seen, many attractions for that order of minds which is susceptible of the charms of romantic scenery. The isolated, lofty, and often inaccessible rocks with which it abounds afforded them favourable positions for the erection of strongholds. Its great natural fertility; the fine solitudes created by the numerous and extraordinary contortions of the river, which seemed calculated to seclude them from the world; the convents, and abbeys, and sacred edifices of every description which they had found already established there, must, in their view, considering the highly-wrought religious sentiments with which they came back from the Holy Land, have rendered the whole valley peculiarly inviting

to their feelings. Hence it is not possible, I believe, to find in any other part of Europe a tract of territory including the matchless charms of its river, its vineyards, gardens, meadows, uplands, heaths, and forests, mountains, valleys, and ravines, which so fully realizes all that the imagination, filled with chivalrous visions and associations, could have pictured to itself, as in the region we have now left behind us.

Upon the steep rocks of the left bank of the river rises an amphitheatre of terraces, which are nearly all sustained by solid walls, or vaults arched over, and are planted with vines. Nature seems here to be completely subjugated by the hand of man. One wonders how the vine-dresser can support himself while engaged in his labours upon those precipitous heights, where the wild goat alone, it would seem, could obtain a footing.

Dieblich (which is a considerable village) and its environs were formerly inhabited by some of the proudest of the nobility in all that country—the Sackes, the Mielens, and the Hases. The Electors of Treves, of Cologne, of the Palatinate, and even the emperor himself, were ambitious of

having them for their vassals. It has been wickedly remarked, that from very early times the exquisite red wine of this part of the Lower Moselle appeared to possess peculiar attractions for various orders of friars, for so great a number of abbeys and convents were established here, that it was called “the country of the clergy.”

Theodoric, dean of Münstermayfeld, founded here, in 1292, a retreat for eight female recluses; but it is said that the gallant knights of the neighbourhood were rather too prone to shew them their chivalrous courtesies, and that their windows were too often besieged by the serenades of gay minstrels. The nuns in consequence were obliged to seek an asylum elsewhere. The place of their residence is still shewn a little below the village. It is not to be supposed, however, that while they lived there they were left wholly without protection, for it is related that one pious chevalier, rendered indignant by the frequent occurrence of such scenes, endeavoured to put a stop to them; and that for this purpose he took his station every evening at the gate of the convent, in full armour, lance in hand, as the guardian of the inmates.



The tradition, unfortunately, goes on to relate that he was himself eventually the cause of their flight, his virtue having given way to the temptations of a pair of lovely blue eyes, which were wont to smile upon him at sunrise through the latticed window of one of the cells ! Alas ! for the frailty of man !

## CHAPTER VII.

Witches of Dieblich. Witch Gondorf. Her Storm Powers. Dangerous Passage. Convent of Marienrod. Annual Festival. Ineffectual Sermon. The Silver Mill. Winnengen. A Lutheran Town. Abundance of Cherries. A Hurricane. Destruction of the Rhine Bridge. Difficulty of landing. A Hotel Card. Hotel of the Giants. The Citadel. Picture of Coblenz.

THE neighbourhood of Dieblich was formerly held in bad repute, for the witchcraft and all sorts of spells and sorceries which were said to have been carried on there. Legal records still exist which frequently mention it as the place where the most nefarious crimes of the black art were performed. Under the rural Bishop Binsfeld, Grand Inquisitor of Sorcery, and author of the treatise entitled "*De Confessionibus Maleficarum*," twenty-five victims were burnt towards the close of the sixteenth century. The last of these was a woman named Gondorf, the mother of six young children. The

sheriffs of Münstermayfeld, assembled under the presidency of the Lord of Elz, condemned her for "having, by her magic operations, raised a furious storm, which destroyed the harvest and caused so great an inundation in the river that it overturned a part of the town of Leyen."

Had I been a believer in the magic art, I might well have thought that the spirit of Gondorf still haunted this region, and ceased not to carry on her malignant incantations ; for we had scarcely quitted Dieblich when a tremendous gust rushed out of a dark ravine, as through a funnel, which threw up on those who were walking the deck the spray caused by the paddle. It was quite a shower, and drove us all into the cabin *instantly*. Escaping beyond the ravine, however, we found every thing calm again, but only for a few moments, when the wind renewed its fury, driving before it on the carriage road dense clouds of dust. The surface of the river was again violently agitated, so much so as to make the boat roll as if it were upon an excited sea.

It appears, indeed, that the passage of the Moselle, between Dieblich and Lay, a village about a league

farther on, is frequently difficult and even perilous for small boats. Midway between the two places there is rather a sharp curve in the river, where there is also a small green island, on one side of which the current is so extremely rapid, that unless the navigators be well experienced and very vigilant, they incur great danger. Several serious accidents have occurred here.

Before reaching Lay the ruins of the once wealthy and celebrated female convent of Marienrod are seen upon an eminence. Formerly its chapel was visited annually, upon the festival of St. George, by crowds of the people of all the country round, who repaired thither in procession. This custom is said to have derived its origin from the epoch of the destruction, in the fourteenth century, of the last of the wolves, by which that region had been previously much infested. Upon that occasion the rural guards and forest rangers were wont to make presents to the prior who acted as chaplain to the convent, and to the mother abbess, in return for the privileges which they enjoyed in the woods. Before they left the convent, however, they were always sure of receiving a capital dinner and

plenty of the best wine which the community possessed ; but one condition they were bound to observe before sitting down to the ample feast provided for them ; it was to hear a controversial sermon preached, usually in the open air, by a Franciscan Friar. It is recorded that (by reason perhaps of the audience thinking less of their sins than of the good things they were about to enjoy) the holy man never made even a single convert !

Just below the green island above mentioned, and opposite to the small town of Winnigen, a rivulet, called the Cond, comes leaping out from a savage-looking ravine, and mingles with the Moselle. In its course it turns three very old mills, the most distant of which bears the name of the Silver Mill. It was probably erected in the first instance for the purpose of setting in motion the works connected with a mine of that metal. Before reaching the Moselle, the Cond receives a stream, which is said to form, or at least to bring down with it, petrifications of animal and vegetable materials.

Winnigen formerly constituted a portion of the electoral sovereignty of Baden, and in all matters relating to the administration of justice, was under

the jurisdiction of the regency of Carlsruhe. The inhabitants are almost all Lutherans, in the midst of a country chiefly occupied by Catholics, from whom they differ not only in religion, but also in language, dress, and manners. Grave and reserved, however, as may be the demeanour of the people of Winnigen at present, in former days it was a remarkably gay place, and much resorted to by all the chivalry of the neighbourhood, on account of the sports and amusements frequently carried on there.

Near the village of Lay I observed flag and slate quarries. In consequence of the sombre chain of the Hunstruck rising behind this village, it is much exposed to fearful inundations, the Moselle being here considerably narrowed in its bed. These floods, caused sometimes by the torrents which, in rainy weather, descend from the mountains, sometimes by the breaking up of the ice both on the Moselle and the Rhine, have caused great devastation occasionally, not only at Lay but also at Gulz, a village lower down, and even at Coblenz itself.

The church of Gulz attracts attention to the beau-

tiful twin spires by which it is ornamented. It is surrounded by plantations of cherry trees, the produce of which is in high estimation, and is exported in great quantities to Holland. The environs also abound in walnuts of the best description. A little below Gulz is the village of Moseilweiss, supposed (without any sufficient reason) to have been the place where Agrippina gave birth to Caligula. A little beyond Moseilweiss we observed the modern defensive outworks of Coblenz, named after the Emperor Alexander, and in the distance the magnificent fortress of Ehrenbreitstein (the broad stone of honour), upon a lofty pile of rocks, and stretching beneath it upon both banks of the important city of Coblenz.

It now became a very serious question where and how we could land. The wind, which we had hitherto experienced only in transient gusts, blew a perfect hurricane. The first intelligence conveyed from shore to the captain, through a speaking-trumpet, informed him that he could not land, as usual, at the Rhine quay, not only on account of the storm, to the full force of which we

should have been exposed if we proceeded much farther, but also because the bridge of boats, which had remained so long uninjured across the Rhine, was broken up into fragments by the violence of the whirlwind. Æolus seemed to have opened the cords of all his bags upon this occasion, and to have too literally justified my prediction. By great exertions, the fragments were prevented from being driven down the impetuous current of the Rhine, and were partly collected at the mouth of the Moselle, where they would have dangerously embarrassed our course. The captain therefore decided upon drawing up as speedily as possible at the first convenient point he could find.

The operation was very awkwardly managed; but fortunately the wind blew right against us: had it been the reverse, we should have incurred the risk of being dashed against the bank, so forcible was the energy of the tempest. At length (by the favour of Providence) we effected a landing at four o'clock, P.M., amidst a crowd of people who watched our struggles with great anxiety, and gave us all the assistance in their power. The



only indifferent-looking face amongst them was that of a dwarf, reputed to be forty years old. His gold chain, large hat, dandyish gold-headed cane, full-dress of a man, neat gloves and boots, appeared excessively ludicrous when compared with the diminutive height of his person.

As we landed, numerous cards of hotels, each lauding to the skies their accommodations, were put into our hands. The following specimen of one of these productions I cannot forbear from placing before my "courteous reader:"—

"M. H. Koss, au Prince Royal de Prusse, Coblenz, recommande to the travellers and strangers his hotel recently enlarged, containing actually twenty rooms more than before, with two saloons, and garden, bath-house, stables for fourthy horses, &c. The travellers are allowed, without paying, to make use of the above-mentioned bath establishment on the Moselle; they have the enjoyment of the garden besides the hotel. M. H. Koss will satisfy the travellers by the elegancy of his furniture, an excellent table and vine, in short by every thing which may contribute to the comfort of the public."

We had been previously recommended, however, to take up our quarters at the Hotel of the Giants, whither we lost no time in repairing. It is an establishment upon an immense scale, really worthy of the name that has been conferred upon it. We found it crowded with guests from all parts of Europe, who had just arrived from the steam-boats plying up and down the Rhine. We procured very good rooms, and after seeing our luggage safely lodged in them, walked out to survey the town; but we had not gone far when we were driven in again by a return of the storm, accompanied by violent showers of hail, loud peals of thunder, and awful flashes of lightning: it was, however, but of short duration, and all was perfect calm once more, though the skies still looked threatening.

Beyond the stupendous citadel of Ehrenbreitstein, of which we had an excellent view from our hotel, a mass of dense black cloud impended, apparently charged with electric elements, and adding not a little to the imposing spectacle which that massive pile presented, while in the west the clear sky permitted the lowering sun to colour its towers

and battlements with that fiery splendour which usually characterizes tempestuous weather. This scene should have been witnessed by Martin; it would have inspired him with new combinations for one of those Miltonic productions which have rendered his genius so justly celebrated. The massive architecture of the fortress in its lurid flame—the portentous cloud brooding over it, now and then pierced by zigzagged lightning—the angry complexion of the descending sun, the driving hail, the shattered bridge, the swollen Rhine rushing by in waves coursing each other down the furious current—the spires and churches and other lofty buildings of Coblenz, partly appearing in dubious light, chiefly hidden in hazy obscurity—the darkening mountains around, crowned by their ruins of chivalry and religion, would have prepared for him a picture pregnant with those terrors which seem to prophesy the approaching dissolution of an accursed world.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Saloon of all Nations. A Banquet disturbed. The Prussian Minister. Code Napoléon. Bridge of the Rhine. Bustle on the Quay. The Caravansary. A John Bull. His Conversation. His Fright. His Restlessness. His Horror of Rhenish. His Anger. Coblenz. Its Origin. Its Pottery. Ehrenbreitstein. Sufferings of its Garrisons. Its present Aspect. Archbishop Baldwin. His Influence. His Enterprise. His Bridge over the Moselle. Phenomenon of 1830. Great alarm caused by it.

THE night set in excessively cold ; the hurricane had not yet expended all its force ; the wind blew in squalls, accompanied by heavy showers of rain. Rejoicing that we had found so seasonable a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, we sat down, in what might be designated the saloon of all nations, with no small satisfaction, to a capital supper, not a little improved by a flask of Assmanshausen, the most delicious red wine which the Rhenish vineyards afford. The saloon, spacious as it is, was

full, and resounding with divers tongues : Hebrew, German, French, Italian, Dutch, Russian, English—a Babel mixture of voices, contending with each other in rapidity of utterance and loudness of clamour, as if they were preparing for a general row. But they meant no such thing ; everybody being much more bent upon the savoury contents of the plates which were successively set before them than upon any matters which would spoil the enjoyment of the hour.

The extraordinary occurrence of the day was, of course, the general subject of conversation, the more especially as it had the effect of disturbing the good citizens of Coblenz while they were seated at a public banquet given in honour of the Prussian Minister of Justice, who had come here upon an important mission from the king. They were not half-way through the luxuries before them when the hurricane suddenly rushed down the Rhine with such irresistible frenzy that the bridge of boats separated like a wall of pasteboard before it. The governor and all the officers of the municipality being immediately apprized of the event, were obliged to quit the table, in order to direct

the necessary measures for preserving the fragments of the bridge from being carried away; an operation which was successfully effected with the aid of the watermen and police. This was the work of some hours; but it spoiled the dinner!

The object of the cabinet minister's visit to Coblenz was to confer with the authorities and principal persons in the town upon the remonstrances which they had some time before addressed to the government against the new code of civil and criminal law which was about to be issued for the whole of the Prussian dominions. The Rhenish provinces had, from the time they were included within the French empire, been governed by the Code Napoléon, which they greatly preferred to the new system of laws sought to be imposed upon them, and the young king, who is infinitely more liberal in his views than his predecessor, and very anxious to gain the good-will of all his subjects, deputed his minister to arrange the matter to the satisfaction of the remonstrants. Eventually, this object has been attained, although there was a strong political party upon the opposite side of the question.

The morning after our arrival (19th July) looked as bright and as composed as if not the slightest disturbance had occurred in the firmament during the day or the night before. Numerous workmen were busy, from an early hour, in restoring the bridge, the timbers and boats of which, though separated, had not been materially injured. Steamers were smoking in all directions, some just arrived, some preparing to start either up or down the Rhine. It being the height of the season for all the watering-places, Coblenz, being nearly midway between Cologne and Mayence, and the point of junction of the high roads to Frankfort and, by Treves, to Paris, the bustle that prevailed on the quay all the day long was striking and amusing. Crowds of passengers, followed by porters bearing their luggage, were perpetually emigrating from the hotels; and they no sooner disappeared than their rooms were occupied by a fresh swarm of tourists. The proportion of English in this ever-changing mass was not, so far as my observation went, by any means so great as one would have expected. It appeared to me to be composed prin-

cipally of Germans and other foreigners ; the *table d'hôte* at the great "caravansary" of the Giant's hotel exhibited, however, while we were there, a considerable sprinkling of English families.

I could not help taking compassion on a solitary red-faced, gaunt, grey-haired, blue-coated, ungloved, restless, downmouthed, hypochondriac-looking John Bull, who found himself perfectly isolated amidst all this congregation of his fellow-men from every quarter. As he was sitting in a window of the saloon, with his wide-leafed hat on, I went to him and endeavoured to commence a conversation.

"Have you been long here?"

He looked up at me with an expression of wonder, which seemed to say, "Why does this man address me?" He at length found words.

"No, not long;" and then he turned his head away, as if he thought I had some design upon him. I renewed my attempt.

"Were you here during the hurricane?"

"I was."

"Very violent—was it not?"

"Why, you see it broke away the bridge."



“You are just from London, I suppose?”  
Great impatience exhibited—no answer. “Any news, for I have not lately seen a paper?”

“Nor I either.”

Then up he started, as if he was frightened, and strode off towards the door, his face redder than ever; but he was not long absent. When he returned, he took a chair close to the large chimney-piece, where he seemed to seek a hiding-place inaccessible to disturbance. Vexation reigned upon his brow; he sometimes clenched his hands together, and held them awkwardly between his knees; sometimes he rubbed his chin with one hand and then with the other. He called a waiter; but the latter not understanding English, he no sooner went to receive John's commands than off he started, muttering something which John could not understand; whereupon he stood up and ran off again to the door, growling. Again he came back, and was met, on entering, by a waiter who addressed him in English. The irascible expression immediately quitted his countenance; he took off his great hat, hung it up, sat down at the table, where a bottle of wine was placed before him. He poured out

some into a glass, but on tasting it his face became vinegar personified !

In a few minutes a cutlet of mutton was brought for his use, to which he applied without loss of time, and, contenting himself with water for his beverage, and a little fruit, he resumed his tendency to his out-and-in motions, appearing not to know what upon this earth he could do to get over the time until the hour for going to bed. One can hardly conceive what species of pleasure such a man as this could have proposed to himself by quitting his country house in Cowper's Court, or some such place, I guess, near the Stock Exchange, and wandering abroad alone, and apparently in a state of incessant anger, not only with all the world, but even with himself. He was the very picture of a miserable old bachelor.

Coblenz owes its origin to a Roman castle, which was erected there by Drusus, a few years before the Christian era, upon a gentle eminence, on which the street now called the *Alte-Hof* stands. Some five hundred years after, it fell into the hands of the Franks, together with the little town which had then grown up around it ; it subse-

quently became the temporary residence of the kings of the Franks, whenever affairs of importance rendered it necessary for them to repair to that part of their dominions. Its fortunate situation at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine (hence called by the Romans *Confluentes*, corrupted by the Germans into Coblenz) rendered it in the early and middle ages the rendezvous for the merchants who transacted business with Treves and Aix-la-Chapelle, then flourishing commercial towns, and also for troops of pilgrims and armies, on their way to the Holy Land.

On the left bank of the Moselle, near its junction with the Rhine, a company of boat-builders was established at an early period. The armourers, tanners, and potters of Coblenz were already held in high repute for the perfection of their works. The eminence of the latter artizans in their line of occupation is still attested by the very elegantly ornamented vases and utensils of every kind which have been found buried in the neighbouring gardens. Many of these productions are not inferior to the ancient Roman remains of a similar kind, in their form and colour, especially in those green,

blue, and vermilion dyes, the mode of preparing which has long since been lost.

The fort of Ehrenbreitstein has been in existence since the period when Germania Magna was under the dominion of the Romans. It was then called the watch-tower of all that country. It received its present name from a noble family who possessed it from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Numerous are the sieges which it has undergone from age to age. In the time of the thirty years' war, Marshal Bussy was blockaded there by the Bavarian Generalissimo Jean de Wirt, and such was the exigency to which he was reduced for food, that on one occasion his table was served with eighty mice, each of which cost a franc. His officers lived on the flesh of mules and dogs, accompanied by very small portions of bread made from flour, every bushel of which was purchased at the enormous price of one hundred florins. The people of the country looked upon the sufferings of the garrison as no more than a just retribution for the miseries which they had inflicted upon the adjacent territory, which they had most wantonly laid waste. The fortification, as it now stands, is a most mag-

nificent pile ; it has taken twenty years in its construction, and may justly be considered the great bulwark of the Prussian dominions towards the confines of France. There are several outworks round Coblenz, with which it is connected, *viz.*—Kaiser Franz, on the left bank of the Moselle, commanding the approach from Treves and Cologne, and forts Alexander and Constantine, above the town, commanding the roads to Mayence and the Hunstruck mountains. On the heights near Ehrenbreitstein there are several other works, which serve to render the approaches to it a matter of no small difficulty. The whole of these defences combine to form a permanent fortified camp, capable of containing an army of 100,000 men.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Coblenz was occupied by the French in 1794 ; that it subsequently became the chief town of the department of the Rhine and Moselle, and that it is now the capital of the Rhenish provinces under the crown of Prussia. It has a population of about 22,000 ; and although generally considered as a Rhenish town, it is chiefly built on the right bank of the Moselle. A little above the mouth of this river, a magnificent

stone bridge is seen, constructed on fourteen arches, which are of sufficient height and width to permit barges to pass under them with their sails standing. It is the work of Baldwin, the celebrated Archbishop of Treves, whose name I have already had frequent occasion to mention.

This distinguished personage, of the house of Luxemburg, which he raised to its highest degree of grandeur, was only twenty-two years old when he was consecrated Archbishop of Treves. By his spirit of enterprise, his superior sagacity, and his prudence and courage as a warrior (for in his capacity as elector he was obliged to add to his ecclesiastical functions those of a temporal sovereign), he acquired very extensive influence. It was chiefly through his exertions that his brother Henry III., and after him Louis of Bavaria, were chosen emperors of Germany; and that his nephew John, son of Henry, mounted the throne of Bohemia. He accompanied the emperor on his expedition to Rome, with a carriage full of gold and silver, and attended by a numerous retinue of brave vassals of the Church of Treves, amongst whom the knights of Elz, Leyen, and others distinguished themselves

in the war against the Guelfs, at Milan, in the battles of Cremona, Brescia, the Po, the Arno, and the Tiber. Never before was the glory of the chivalry of Treves carried to so high a degree. At a later period of his age he distinguished himself in the field, near Spires, Esslingen, and Strasbourg, against Frederick le Bel of Austria; and repaired with a gallant troop of knights to Prague, in order to afford succour to the King of Bohemia. The period in which he lived is considered the most brilliant age of the chivalry of the Moselle.

The history of his reign, however, has never been written to the extent which it deserves, and the principal monument that remains of his memory is the bridge over the Moselle, which appears at this day to be as sound and almost as fresh as it was when originally constructed. In executing this work, he had to overcome various sorts of difficulties: shifting masses of sand, formations of slate half pulverized, and the force of the current, which is very great near the spot where it rushes into the Rhine. It was necessary for him also to consider the accumulations of ice which frequently take place at the mouth of the Moselle, in consequence

of the Rhine, when it is frozen over, remaining longer in that state than its great tributary. A curious, but at the same time a very frightful and dangerous spectacle, presents itself, whenever this contrariety occurs in the condition of the two rivers.

Such an event happened so late as the spring of the year 1830, when the ice on the Moselle having broken up sooner than that on the Rhine, it was hurried along in large masses, until it reached the bridge of the Moselle. The immense blocks having been there arrested in their course, soon rose one above another, until they overtopped the bridge itself. The waters meeting with this obstacle, swelled considerably above their banks, and reaching the Rhine by a circuitous course, flowed over its frozen surface to a considerable distance, both up and down that river, carrying with them icebergs, some of which were so large that they broke through the surface in parts of the Rhine, and remained isolated there, bearing the appearance of so many towers !

The first night of this terrible flood, the inhabitants of all the neighbouring villages were obliged to abandon their houses. Coblenz itself was placed in considerable danger. The cries of the fugitive



villagers were awful, and were rendered still more so by the discharges of alarm-guns from the batteries of Ehrenbreitstein. It is a proof of the solidity of Baldwin's work, that the bridge remained uninjured by the effects of these double assaults of the ice and the inundation. The bridge was finished in the year 1343. It was ornamented originally by several towers and turrets, which were sculptured with the archiepiscopal arms; but these decorations now no longer exist; they were sacrificed when the electors began to use the bridge as a point of defence for the protection of the town.

## CHAPTER IX.

Curious old Customs. Snowballs. Dance on the Moselle Bridge. Salubrity of its Air. Interior of Ehrenbreitstein. Church of St. Castor. French and Russian Mementos. Palace of the Electors. Castle of Stolzenfels. Views from its Summit. The Casino. Political Liberty. Reforms. Conservatives. General Freedom from Prejudice. Public Gardens. Public Morals. Ems. Hôtel d'Angleterre. Visitors at Ems. Gambling. Donkeys. Their unusual Activity.

FORMERLY the magistrates assembled on this bridge every new year's day, to collect the annual tributes which were payable to the municipality of Coblenz by lay and ecclesiastical proprietors of lands within its jurisdiction. From the German lords, for instance, they received a Dutch cheese; from the monks of Obervoerth, a cake; and from those of the Chartreux, a quarter of a hundred of eggs. Of course they had a repast upon the occasion, after which the principal authorities, such as the senators and the sheriffs, were *privileged* to

throw snowballs at each other. The baillies, however, were strictly forbidden to take part in the game.

A similar assemblage took place on the bridge on the eve of St. Walbrugis, when, as some old German legends say, "witches traversed the air riding on brooms." Then the two burgomasters of Coblenz and Lutzel (a village formerly existing on the left bank of the Moselle) marched up and down the bridge, holding in their hands bouquets of lilies of the valley freshly gathered. They presented to matrons and maidens bunches of lavender and thyme collected in the woods of Coblenz, of which the valets of the senators brought whole baskets-full for the purpose. On the anniversary of the dedication of the church of St. Castor, the young men of the neighbouring streets were allowed to dance on the bridge until nightfall. Proper persons were appointed to preserve order; and those who violated it were punished by imprisonment in the "Ox tower," without any injury to their reputation. Such was the opinion which the good citizens of Coblenz entertained of the air which they imbibed on the bridge, that they habitu-

ally made it their evening promenade. It is recorded that a locksmith, a native of Treves, who died in Coblenz at the good old age of one hundred and twenty-five years, attributed his final illness to his not having been enabled to take his accustomed walk on the bridge !

The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein itself has ample space for a garrison of fourteen thousand men. Its magazines are said to be capable of containing provisions for that number for four years. It has cisterns which would hold a sufficient supply of water for three years, but as the springs which afford this supply are without the walls, and might therefore possibly be cut off, a well has been sunk within them, which is fed from the Rhine. The water of the river, however, is in bad repute, on account of the great proportion of decomposed vegetable matter mingled with it. The construction of the new, and the reparation of the old works of Ehrenbreitstein, as well as the outworks with which it is connected, are calculated to have cost Prussia no less than five millions of dollars, part of which, however, was composed of her share of the contribution paid by France to the Allies,

under the stipulations of the treaty of peace in 1815. Its batteries and walls are armed by about four hundred pieces of cannon.

We visited the church of St. Castor, which is admirably situated at the confluence of the two rivers. It is of very great antiquity (836), and is ornamented by four towers, which seem to associate it in some degree with the chivalrous castles we had lately seen on the banks of the Moselle. It was in this church that, in the year 843, the grandsons of Charlemagne met to divide amongst them the unwieldy empire which they were called upon to govern. The divisions consisted of Germany, France, and Italy. Several other great national transactions took place, either within this venerable edifice or in the great square in front of it.

When the French army passed through Coblenz, on their march to Russia, they erected a fountain in this square, upon which the following inscription was placed:—

An. MDCCCXII.

“ Mémorable par le campagne contre les Russes.

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“ Sous le préfecture de Jules Doazan.”

Two years after Coblenz was occupied by

Russian troops on their way to France, and the Russian commandant, observing this fountain and its inscription, caused the following quiet but caustic addition to be made to it:—

“Vue et approuvée par nous, commandant Russe de la ville Coblenz, le 1er Janvier, 1814.”

Above the bridge of boats stands the modern palace of the electors, a most superb edifice, extending along the left bank of the Rhine. Its principal front, however, is towards a spacious and handsome square, which forms the usual parade for the military. It is now used as the Palais de Justice, in which all the courts are open to the public, a rare exception to the usual rules in Germany upon this subject.

Mr. Jordan, our banker, was so good as to take us out in his carriage in the evening, to the Castle of Stolzenfels, which is charmingly situated on the left bank, upon the summit of a lofty hill. It had remained for ages in a ruined state, but the young King of Prussia having been captivated by the position which it occupies, and by the many picturesque views which it commands on all sides, directed that it should be restored as nearly as

possible to its original form, intending to make it his residence whenever he visited Coblenz. We found numbers of workmen employed upon it, and were enabled, by the new spiral staircase and two or three ladders, to ascend to the gallery at the top, whence the wide and varied prospects are indeed worthy of the admiration of a king.

The junction of the river Lahn with the Rhine is seen from hence to the greatest advantage. The Rhine itself, which was still rolling onwards in turbid and angry waves, presented a noble spectacle, from its great width, the numerous steam-boats, sailing vessels, and timber-rafts borne upon its surface, and the ruined castles and convents upon either side of its now swollen waters. Next came in view the junction with it of the Moselle, the vast ranges of the Hunstruck mountains, rising pile over pile, until they vanished in the blue distance; the dark dense forests around, replete with all sorts of game; villages, churches, and their spires; meadows, corn-fields, vineyards, and gardens without number. We gazed upon these splendid scenes while the declining sun was lending them a peculiar enchantment; here bringing out windows of

churches or castles into dazzling light, there touching the battlements of fortresses and the sides of hills with patches of gold, the whole prospect perfected in the proud, commanding look of Ehrenbreitstein, which brought up with it the recollections of wars, disasters, triumphs, valorous deeds of chivalry, not unmingled, however, with the tears of widows and orphans, and the indignation of industrious husbandmen, who were obliged to witness their teeming fields laid waste by plundering armies, or to fly from their homes to the wild forests for protection.

Upon our return we went, by Mr. Jordan's very obliging introduction, to the Casino, an extensive, though, as compared with the London club-houses, rather a homely establishment, to which are admitted, without any distinction of class, all the respectable citizens of Coblenz. Here the shop-keeper, if decently dressed and properly conducted, may be seen by the side of the first nobleman or merchant of Coblenz, in the news-room, which is well supplied with English and foreign journals; or in the library, or in the saloon, where refreshments may be obtained; or in the spacious and



handsome garden attached to the Casino, where tables and seats are arranged for those who choose to smoke their pipes, take their excellent beer, or sip their coffee in the open air. These assemblages, which materially tend to keep up a spirit of good neighbourhood and friendliness among the citizens of Coblenz, are rendered still more agreeable by the attendance of a band engaged in the service of the society. They played some of Mozart's and Rossini's airs in a very pleasing style.

There can be no question, also, that these meetings foster the liberal sentiments of the citizens upon all political subjects, but especially upon matters connected with the civil and religious rights of the Rhenish provinces, which the inhabitants of Coblenz, and indeed the great mass of the people of those provinces, have long been known to entertain. Like the well-informed Germans in general, they have a great horror of any hasty measures, or of any measures which might lead to disturbance; they are content to wait until the influence of the system of education, now so thoroughly planted and so widely spread throughout the Prussian dominions, shall begin to exercise

its natural influence. They perfectly understand the truth of the maxim that "knowledge is power;" they present to the sovereign a determined, but respectful attitude; they cheerfully accept whatever they can get in the way of reform, but they shew that they still expect a great deal more. They express their confident hope that all necessary reforms will come in good time, and that they will be the more permanent, because the people, from their education and their universal feelings in favour of peace and order, will be then prepared to turn all concessions from the crown to the best advantage.

There is in the provinces a "Conservative" party, which is adverse to any species of reform, and would be glad to see the crown even more absolute than it is. This party is, however, not numerous, and consists chiefly of persons in place or of those who seek it. They supported the new Prussian code of laws, chiefly because they deemed it their personal interest so to do. For the rest, the Rhenish people are remarkably free from prejudices, especially those of a religious kind. It is not long since that, by a vote of the municipality,

consisting chiefly of Catholics, the beautiful chapel formerly connected with the palace of the electors was granted to the Protestant inhabitants of Coblenz as their place of worship. I have travelled much amongst the Germans, and have met great numbers of them at *tables d'hôte* and elsewhere, and I do not remember that I have ever heard one word from them upon any points of religious controversy. There are no people more communicative, or who enjoy with more social comfort and pleasure the blessings which a fertile country and a delightful climate bestow upon them. They live very much in public; their theatres, particularly their operas, are usually crowded, and their public gardens, without which no German town of any importance could exist, are most numerous attended by families, who are surrounded by their children, down even to the infant in the nurse's arms. All this system serves to create and keep up a kindly intercourse and feelings of mutual respect and regard, seldom to be observed in other nations; at least not to the same extent. Whether that system be, or be not, less favourable to the progress of a sound practical morality than the more domestic

habits of other countries, is a question beyond the province of such a work as this to discuss.

The celebrated watering-place of Ems being little more than fifteen miles from Coblenz, we resolved to pay it a flying visit. The bridge over the Rhine not being yet restored, we were ferried across the river to the other side, where we hired a voiture and drove off. There are two or three diligences between Ems and Coblenz every day ; but we found it pleasanter to have a vehicle of our own, here called a “vigilante.” Passing through a hilly country by the shortest road, we arrived at Ems in an hour and a half. We were driven by our voiturier, without any orders having been given upon the subject on our part, into the gateway of a very splendid new hotel, called the “Hôtel d’Angleterre.” A crowd of waiters assembled to receive us with their scrapes and bows, and recommended us to lose no time in engaging our apartments ; but when we informed them that our stay was to be limited to a few hours, we were soon left to ourselves. We did not, however, omit to insure our places at the *table d’hôte*, and having learned that dinner would be served at one o’clock

precisely, we proceeded to survey the town of Ems and its scenes of gaiety, fashion, convalescence and infirmity, gambling, idleness, and vanity, under all forms.

The town was quite crowded with visitors of every degree, from her Majesty the Queen of Greece and her suite down to the venders of Bohemian glass-ware, all species of toys and curiosities, articles of millinery, of course, and some of the richest productions of the looms of Persia and India. The saloon dedicated to games of hazard was, I regret to say, even at noon, very fully attended by both sexes. Gold and silver were spread on the tables, subject to the chances of *rouge et noir* ; but, somehow or other, I observed that the rouleaux of both metals were always upon the increase within the precincts of the bank, while the private adventurers, with very rare exceptions, were uniformly emptying their purses. Some few of the fair sex were present, looking on with great anxiety at the colours turned up, but they had the grace to employ gentlemen to play for them.

I observed a number of donkeys in the street very showily caparisoned, attended by boys dressed in a

red uniform or livery, which presented a civilized and cheerful appearance. At none of the Nassau baths are donkeys more necessary than at Ems; for the town is situated upon both banks of the Lahn, and pressed within a narrow space between two ranges of lofty hills, excursions to which must be exceedingly fatiguing to pedestrians who are not strong on foot. Drives for carriages, except on the high roads leading in and out of the town, there are none to be found. Contrary to the usage of their tribe in general, the Emsian donkeys, as if feeling themselves an integral portion of the sanitary system prevalent here, set off at a round pace the moment they are mounted, believing, no doubt, their business to be to carry their customers out of the languid air of the town to that of the hills above it.

## CHAPTER X.

Situation of Ems. Not favourable in some cases. Environs of Ems. Table d'Hôte. Shaded Promenade. Bohemian Glass-Shops. Principal Baths. Amusements. Veal Cutlets. Queen of Greece. Madame de Wasseri. Her Beauty. Return to Coblenz. Trade of Coblenz. Its Attractions. Its Environs. Voyage up the Rhine. Decayed Villages. Scenery of the Rhine. St. Goar. Fortress of Rheinfels. League of the Rhine. Magnificent Prospects. Their sudden changes. The "Water Cure." Its reputed Success.

IN consequence of the situation of Ems, the principal street, which runs parallel to the Lahn, being backed and fronted by a range of lofty hills (the Baederly), the atmosphere is far from being elastic within the town. The river moreover flows here in a lazy course; the bank opposite to the principal street is occupied by a set of mean-looking houses, many of them really shabby. The immediate margin of the river, at that side, is strewn with the offal of those dwellings, and is

itself generally in a moistened broken state by reason of the numerous hot springs which ooze out through it, and find their way into the river. The vapour from these springs, and the heat necessarily arising from the baths on the opposite side, tend greatly to increase the warmth of the air, and these, added to the influence of a powerful sun shining down upon this long narrow valley, the course of which is due east and west, must render Ems, in summer, any thing but an eligible place of abode for persons of a nervous constitution or disposed to asthma.

For these drawbacks Ems nevertheless presents in its environs ample compensation. Passing out of the town, the walks along the Lahn are delightful; the ascent of the hills is facilitated by bridle-roads, which afford magnificent views of the country all round, and upon the summits of those hills the donkey rider may enjoy breezes as pure and healthy as he can find at any other watering-place in Germany. Our *table d'hôte* was crowded with visitors, who were undergoing the usual course of bathing and drinking the waters, and I must say that I never saw assembled, in one room,



a set of persons who seemed so little to want either of those resources for impaired constitutions. I observed that amongst the hundred and fifty guests who sat at the table, there was a decided majority of ladies, Ems being in high repute for the cure of complaints peculiar to the female sex.

We walked after dinner beneath the very agreeable shade of a canvass awning, which extends along the front of a new line of buildings commencing near the splendid *Kursaal* recently erected here by direction of the Duke of Nassau. The buildings just mentioned consist entirely of shops, all of which were occupied by the venders of every species of articles which are usually most in demand at such places. The Bohemian glass-shops are particularly attractive, on account of the unrivalled clearness of the crystal itself, the refined taste prevailing through the different productions into which it is formed, and the beauty of the colours imparted to it by the manufacturers. The bazaar, as it may be called, opens upon a square, carpeted with green herbage and planted with trees, which, when somewhat more grown, will afford a pleasant shade: beyond the square is the

Lahn. This addition to the other attractions of Ems must prove of great importance to its prosperity, as the walks within the town had previously been limited to the gloomy pump-room on the ground-floor of the Alte-Kurhause, formerly the residence of the duke, but now converted into a lodging-house, containing about two hundred chambers.

It is under this establishment that two of the principal springs for bathing and drinking arise. The bathing-rooms are very handsomely fitted up. There are some thirteen or fourteen other springs in various parts of the town, which we had no time to visit. No use appears to be made of those on the opposite bank of the river, although some medical authorities say that they are for the most part of a better quality than the wells which are now chiefly frequented.

The usual amusements of watering-places—bands playing morning and evening—weekly balls—pic-nic parties, concerts, &c., are found at Ems; nevertheless it is more quiet and retired than Weisbaden, and many of the other watering-places in Germany. After giving a professional account

of the utility of the several springs of Ems in various cases of disease, Dr. Granville, not having the fear of Abernethy's book or Dr. Paris's dietetics before his eyes, launches out into an epicurean eulogy upon the veal cutlets which, while he resided there, formed both his breakfast and his dinner ! "Commend me to such a cutlet ; it is tender, it melts in one's mouth, it is just *panée* enough to conceal the texture of the meat (a great secret in cookery), and just moist enough not to make you grumble that it is too greasy. In no other part of the world can one get such an exquisite morceau but in Germany. A *kalb-côtelette* is to Germany what an inn-cooked beefsteak is to England—a national and characteristic *bonne bouche*. We talk sneeringly of German cookery ; but let one of those delicious *côtelettes* be put hissing on your plate, with a cup of fragrant coffee, in the morning, a new-laid egg, and a couple of warm brioches (a nice cake), without butter, after a walk of an hour and a half, and let me see who would quarrel with such a breakfast !"

The Queen of Greece resided in the Hôtel d'Armstadt, the long and richly-gilt balcony of

which gives it a remarkably splendid appearance. I had the opportunity of seeing her majesty going out in her carriage for an airing; she looked by no means in good health. In a second carriage was one of her ladies, Madame de Wasseri: she wore a purple Turkish fez upon, I might say, the side, rather than the crown of her head, with a much greater air of coquetry than her fine blue eyes sparkling with health and joyousness, her oval beautiful countenance, and her rose-coloured cheeks, seemed at all to require. I have seldom seen a more captivating bust than that which this young Greek displayed, for she sat up in her seat so as to exhibit it in all its charms, as if ambitious to draw all the attention to herself, which might otherwise have been given to her royal mistress. The manœuvre was certainly successful, for the moment she appeared she was the cynosure of all eyes.

In coming to Ems we travelled by a short and hilly, and rather dull road; we returned to Coblenz by the diligence, which traverses the lower road, partly by the picturesque banks of the Lahn. On our arrival at Ehrenbreitstein we found

the bridge over the Rhine restored. We had some delicious fish for supper, accompanied by a bottle of a very agreeable kind of wine recently manufactured from a grape which grows in the neighbourhood. It is light and sparkling, and might easily be passed off in England for champagne.

The trade of Coblenz, which is a free port, consists principally in the exportation of Rhine and Moselle wines, Seltzer water, corn, iron, mill-stones (made of lava), potter's clay, and stoneware. Beneath the ancient convent of the Jesuits, now the public grammar school, are cellars so wide and lofty that it is said a stage-coach might be easily driven round them. They are now in the occupation of Messrs. Deinhard and Jordan, who to the business of banking add that of wine-merchants. The latter informed us that these cellars were capable of containing upwards of four hundred thousand bottles.

We met here some friends of ours, who had intended only to rest a day or two on their way to Italy; but they found the drives around Coblenz so attractive, and the town itself so agreeable in

every respect, that they had resolved to prolong their stay. They proposed to make several excursions on the banks of the Moselle, and also in the immediate environs of the town on every side, and if they have executed their resolutions, I entertain no doubt that they have been well repaid for any difficulties they may have encountered on their way. Tourists are too much in the habit of looking upon Coblenz as a mere steam-boat station; they may be assured, however, that neither upon the upper nor lower banks of the Rhine will they find scenery to surpass that which they might easily visit within a week or two, within a circle of seven or eight leagues, having Coblenz for its centre.

We quitted this highly interesting town at seven o'clock A.M., by the steamer Herrock Von Nassau. The day promised to be fine. Our boat was somewhat retarded by the unusual force of the current of the Rhine, which still continued to rush onwards in rolling waves, troubled by the recent floods. The appearance of the banks on either side differed materially, in every respect, from that of the cheerful and charming river we had lately

left. We passed through a succession of villages, of stern mountains crowned with religious and feudal ruins, old towns defended by turreted walls, by abrupt precipices, and dark ravines, which combined to impart to the scene a grave and not very attractive aspect. We passed so near the left bank, in order to avoid the rapidity of the current as much as possible, that we easily heard the church bells and the village clocks strike the hour, and might even peep in at their cottage windows, hear the children laughing or crying, and commit depredations, if we pleased, upon their fishing-nets and clothes hung out to dry. These cottages were in the Swiss style, with timbers inserted in the walls and gables, not often painted, and wearing, upon the whole, a character of decay. We steamed also near churchyards, having black crosses at the heads of the graves, and observed a curious chapel with Siamesed spires.

We were speedily out of Prussian territory, and within that of the Duke of Nassau, as the flags of the boats indicated. One of the picturesque objects on our way was a deserted convent, part of its church still standing; through its

open nave and windows we obtained one of those vistas of the country beyond, which Velasquez was fond of introducing into his pictures. The Rhine was here narrower than I had expected to find it, and the scenery altogether so tame, that I felt much disappointed; but that feeling speedily vanished as we approached St. Goar, where the Rhine begins to look like itself, bounded on either side by wild and rocky mountains. It would appear that by coming *up* the river we had surveyed the scenery just passed from a wrong point of view, for, looking back at it from St. Goar, it presented quite a different character from that exhibited as we were actually passing through it. Seen retrospectively from the spot we had now attained, it formed a theatre of verdant hills, rising to a considerable height. As it gradually receded from the eye, the effect was magical.

Near St. Goar are the remains of the most extensive fortress on the Rhine, called the fortress of Rheinfels. It was originally built in the thirteenth century by a Count Diether, who, without any sort of lawful claim to the sovereignty of the country, in fact a mere brigand, substituting might



for right, enlisted a number of adventurers in his service, and plundered all around him with impunity. His stronghold for a long time afforded him protection from pursuit, until at length the indignation of the inhabitants of several cities which had been subjected to his depredations was roused to such a height, that they formed a confederation for their general safeguard. The confederacy rapidly increased, until it included sixty of the German and Rhenish cities. They formed a numerous army, which proceeded to attack, and finally destroyed this "robber nest," as the people justly called it. Not satisfied with their success in this instance, they visited most of the similar fortifications then established on the Rhine, and razed or dismantled them. It is to the operations of this powerful confederacy that all lovers of the picturesque are indebted for the ruins of castles and battlements with which almost every hill and mountain, to a great extent on either bank of the Rhine, is at this day crowned. Rheinfels, however, was, subsequently to the invasion of the confederated forces, repaired by the Landgrave of Hesse, whose property it became. It withstood a

prolonged siege by a French army of twenty-four thousand men, under Marshal Talard, in 1692. Though greatly strengthened after that period, the garrison ran away out of it in 1794, upon the approach of the French revolutionary army, who blew it up, and left it in the state in which it still remains.

The scenery of the Rhine is certainly most magnificent, to whatever point of the compass we turn our eyes. Ancient battlements (some of them Roman), Gothic churches with curious towers, some bearing spires exactly alike, and united by galleries (some of them raised by Knights Templars after their return from Palestine), ancient convents, here and there green meadows and yellow corn-fields, orchards of cherries, mouldering towers, partly mantled in vines, and projecting rocks, presenting strange and wild shapes, continue frequently within one prospect to afford a picture of such inexhaustible interest, that we regretted the rapidity with which our paddle-wheels hurried us away from it.

Nevertheless, perhaps this very circumstance of our velocity of motion gave a fresh charm to each

scene; for knowing that we could scarcely behold it before it vanished from our view, our attention was in a state of perpetual excitement. The presentation to the eye of a majestic pile of rocks and ruins, and the immediate substitution for it of declivities teeming with vines, or of fertile valleys yielding herbage or corn, seemed to be the work of some enchanter, who had power to change the objects before us at a stroke of his wand.

The convent of Marienburg, near Boppard, which is now used as a boarding-house for invalids suffering from rheumatism, reminded me of a spectacle which I observed near Coblenz, upon our return from Ems, which I had forgotten to set down in my note-book. Several persons, of rather gentlemanly appearance, were walking as rapidly as they could along the footpath near the road, dressed in sheets and cloaks saturated with water. I could not make out the cause of this singular dress, until we reached Coblenz, when we were informed that these disciples of Undine were so many patients, undergoing the new treatment for the complaint in question. They were first plunged into a bath so warm that they were parboiled; the

moment they escaped from this bath, or boiler, as it might perhaps be more technically called, they rushed into an adjoining bath of cold water; after remaining there the prescribed time they arose, were dressed as we saw them, and directed to walk as quickly as they could, until their humid apparel became quite dry. It is said that this mode of dealing with rheumatism has been generally successful. It is certainly spreading over several parts of the continent, and treatises in favour of its application have been recently published in England. The establishment in the convent of Marienburg is upon a most extensive plan, and I was informed that it is quite crowded with patients. I think I have read somewhere of a similar practice having long prevailed among the lower castes in India, and that it uniformly effected its object.

## CHAPTER XI.

Retrospective Scenery. Gigantic Rocks. A Rapid. Danger to Rafts. An Echo. "Iron Door." Picturesque Rocks. Oberwesel. Werner's Chapel. Schönbach Castle. Curious old Fortress. A Refuge for Ladies. Bacharach. The Rheingau. Murray's Hand-Book. Best Rhenish Wines. Gem of the Rhine. Decline of its Scenery. Mayence. Cassel. Prospects from Cassel. Railway Station. Frankfort. Its Importance. Its favourable Position. Its Prosperity. Its new Buildings. Mr. Koch, the Consul. A House-warming. Curious Phenomena.

I WOULD recommend the voyager who ascends the Rhine never to neglect, while the steamer hastens onward, to keep the retrospective scenery in view as long as he can. The panorama always seemed to me more perfect in its outlines and accessories when contemplated in that way than in the reverse. All the objects are then seen assembled, but arranged in their proper places, and under the influence of lights and shadows which set them

off to most advantage ; whereas, while we are going through them in detail, we are not able to appreciate their individual value in the general prospect.

St. Goar is a very curious-looking old town. It is so called from a holy hermit of that name, who was chiefly instrumental (under Providence) in converting to Christianity the rude inhabitants of the country. A church still exists here which was dedicated to his memory. As we proceeded, the scenery, mingling much of beauty with a grandeur approaching the sublime, exceeded all the expectations I had formed of its effects. Elevated rocks jutting up in giant forms, on one bank, contrasted with the rich green underwoods on the other. The Rhine expands here to so great a width that it assumes the appearance of a lake almost enclosed by mountains. A singular precipitous mass of rock lifts its head high in air, on the left bank, and is called the Lurleiberg. Not far beyond it is a whirlpool, near which is a rapid, formed by the rushing of the water over sunken rocks, just at a spot where the river makes a sudden curve. The passage of this rapid has proved often dangerous to

small boats, but still more to the crews of the timber-rafts, which are navigated down the current. It is said that the fore-part of the raft is, at times, drawn beneath the water, that the men on board are immersed to the neck, and some of them even occasionally washed away by the violence of the waves, caused by the rocky obstacles below. Opposite to the Lurleiberg is a grotto, occupied by a man whose employment it is to awaken the echoes here by the blast of a bugle or the discharge of a pistol. The sound is answered by a mysterious choir of fifteen voices, each of which answers the call in turn. No wonder that the watermen look upon this part of the Rhine as haunted by some malignant spirit.

The sunken rocks, as well as those which towered above our heads, and pressed the Rhine between them, reminded me strongly of the “ Iron Door ” of the Danube. Looking forward, we might have almost thought ourselves land-locked, so closely did the mountainous banks approach each other. Now they assumed a mural shape, now they presented tiers of benches, as if they had been intended for theatres. Table lands, cultivated, on the summits of some the hills, gave an agreeable variety to these

wild scenes. From the dark ravines came out abruptly, now and then, violent gusts of very cold wind, although otherwise the day held up well. Ranges of trees sometimes ran along the brows of mountains, and through their foliage we were enabled to discern corn-fields, stretching up the declivities to a considerable distance.

Its lofty round tower near the water's edge, and its numerous turreted walls, soon announced our approach to Oberwesel, famed for its church of Our Lady, said to be one of the most finished and beautiful specimens of the decorated style of Gothic architecture to be found on the Rhine : it is of the fourteenth century. A small chapel dedicated to the memory of a boy, named Werner, was pointed out by the captain, on the walls of the town near the bank of the river. This youth is said to have been crucified by the Jews, in derision of the crucifixion of our Redeemer. No doubt this was one of the tales got up at the time when the anti-Israelite outcry was raised against the Jews in many parts of Europe.

The English voyager can hardly fail to remark the castle of Schönberg, below Oberwesel, as it was



once the residence of the Schombergs, from whom descended the English family of that name, including the officer who commanded the troops of William III. at the battle of the Boyne. From the flooded state of the Rhine we had no chance of seeing the seven rocks that rise from the bed of the river here, which, as legends say, represent as many beautiful sisters, so hard-hearted that, although multitudes of knightly suitors sought their hands in marriage, they rejected them all. For this crime against society they were metamorphosed into the forms which they well deserved for their coldness.

Nearly opposite the village of Caul there is a very curious old fortress in the middle of the river. From the centre rises a polygonal tower; the walls all round are roofed, and there is at one end a cluster of buildings: the whole pile has a peculiarly quaint appearance. It was originally built by Louis the Bavarian, previous to 1326, as a toll-house; it now belongs to the Duke of Nassau, who uses it for the same purpose. Tradition relates that, in the turbulent ages, the ladies of the neighbouring knights, when “in that state in which

ladies wish to be who love their lords," usually repaired to this castle in order that they might enjoy tranquillity and security at the approach of the period so important to themselves and their families. This spot is also remarkable as the place near which Blücher crossed the Rhine with his army, on the night of the first of January, 1814.

Bacharach (*Bacchi ara*, altar of Bacchus) next appears in sight, with its walls and towers. It derives its name from a rock in the river, which, when the Rhine is low, shews its head above the waters—an occurrence gladly hailed by the cultivators of the vineyards, as it assures them of a fine season for the grape. The vine grown all round here is in high repute. Near Bacharach are the beautiful remains of another church raised in honour of the "crucified" Werner, his body, which is said to have been thrown into the Rhine by the Jews, having floated *up* the river, until it stopped here.

Passing by Lorch, one of the most ancient towns of the Rhine, we arrived within the precincts of the Rheingau, extending to a considerable distance up the river, and celebrated as the district within

which all the best vineyards of Germany are to be found. The banks all through this district are literally crowded with villages, towns, ruins of castles, convents, and churches, every one of which has its wondrous tale. All these I must resign to the guide-books, or rather, I should say, to Murray's "Hand-Book of Northern Germany," by far the best work of the kind that has ever fallen under my notice. It is not merely a compilation; it abounds in original matter, and in descriptions of scenery written in an animated and very graceful style. I do not remember any material instance in which I found its instructions inaccurate.

As travellers in Germany are often at a loss as to the kind of wine they should order at the hotels, from the number specified in the *cartes* presented to them, I shall here mention a few of the Rheingau productions, which are considered as the best. In the first rank stand the Johannisberg and the Steinberg; then follow the Rüdesheim, Markobrunner, and Rothenberg, distinguished for their strength and exquisite *bouquet*. The Hockheim will be found very acceptable to some palates, and also the wines of Erbach and Hattenheim. But

those who prefer light wines not so apt to be acid as those just mentioned, should call for the Laubenheim and Nierstein, or the wines of the Moselle. The Riesling is not to be despised. For my own part, I generally selected the Assmanshausen, a red wine produced from the vine of Burgundy transplanted thither. It very much resembles, in the fragrance of its flavour and the degree of its strength, the Val-de-penas of Spain, which I found an excellent tonic, besides being most agreeable to the taste. It is a cheering and yet by no means an intoxicating beverage.

The scenery between Rüdesheim and Bingen is notorious as the gem of the Rhine. The river here presents itself in all its magnificence, being as wide as the mouth of the Thames, and from its rapidly rolling waves might almost be taken for a sea. It displays its greatest width at Giesenheim, and abounds in small islands as far as Mayence. After passing Giesenheim, the banks begin rapidly to lose all their grandeur; they become low and marshy, and compared with the scenery lately exhibited to the view, every prospect declines more and more into tameness and monotony. At Bi-

berich, the handsome palace of the Duke of Nassau is a very conspicuous object, and also marks the boundary of his dominions. We soon after reached Mayence, the termination of our voyage on the Rhine. This city belongs to the Grand Duke of Hesse d'Armstadt, and is well worthy of a sojourn for a day or two. But the moment we arrived a diligence was in waiting to convey us to the station of the railway, over the bridge of boats which connects Mayence with Cassel.

The prospects from Cassel, where we had to stay nearly an hour, are highly interesting. Looking down the Rhine, we saw in that distance, which always

“ — lends enchantment to the view,”

the mountains we had lately passed. The old cathedral of Mayence came out well, as an artist would say, in this scene, as did also the red towers of the fortifications, forming, with those on the Cassel side, the chief defences of this part of the river. The day had held up extremely well, although very cold for the season. The bridge was thronged with passengers, amongst whom we noticed several

Prussian and Austrian soldiers. Although Mayence belongs to the Grand Duke d'Armstadt, yet, being the principal fortress of the German Confederation, it is garrisoned equally by the troops of the two powers just mentioned, and the governors are appointed by them alternately every five years.

From Cassel there is a railway train to Wiesbaden, by a branch leading off from the chief line to Frankfort. The buildings at the station are all in a light Italian style; the waiting-room is very handsomely furnished; decanters of spring water and glasses are on the table, and a variety of French and German newspapers, together with other periodicals. The sun descending over the blue mountains far away, threw a pathway of light on the surface of the Rhine, and the neighbouring declivities seemed to be involved in clouds of golden dust. The moment for our departure at length arrived, and within half an hour after we were in Frankfort. We stopped at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which we found very comfortable and moderate.

Frankfort has long been an important and interesting town. Its situation on the Maine, besides

being highly picturesque, is in a geographical point of view, peculiarly fortunate, as through it may be said to pass the great high-road from all the southern parts of Europe to northern Germany. It is high in diplomatic rank, as the seat of the Germanic diet; it exercises considerable influence in monetary affairs, as the principal occupation of its opulent merchants and bankers consists in transactions in the funds of all nations and in public loans. Here the Rothschilds were born, the monied princes, as they might be called, of the civilized world. It is one of the great emporiums for distributing manufactures through Central Europe. Here are held annually two of the great continental fairs, though mercantile assemblages of this description seem to be getting out of fashion, on account of the greater facilities of intercourse which are established, or in process of formation, in all quarters. It is, moreover, a free town; has 52,000 inhabitants, of whom one-tenth are wealthy Jews, and bears every mark of prosperity increasing from year to year. New lines of streets have been recently constructed in the most airy and healthy part of the town; they are in the light

Italian style, and in no respect inferior to the modern quarters of Paris. During the hours of business there is a general appearance of animation and gaiety, which makes the traveller who has once seen Frankfort always look back upon it with feelings of pleasure.

Mr. Koch, the British consul, adds not a little to those feelings on the part of all those who have occasion for his services. We had letters to him from a friend, who gave us beforehand intimation as to his amiability and private worth, which we found more than realized. His son is, as the Irish say, a "true chip of the old block." He had been just married to a German lady, not less distinguished for her virtues than her beauty. They were about to be installed in their new house the day after our arrival in Frankfort, and the circumstance led to an assemblage of their friends around them (amongst whom they had the goodness to include us), by way of a "house-warming" in the good old fashion, equally German and English. Several of the principal British residents of Frankfort were present, and certainly a more pleasant party seldom met together, though some of the



guests had never seen each other before. A bin of Johannesburg of the most delicious flavour, sixty years old, delivered out its treasures in celebration of this domestic festival.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Koch, who had been out at his country seat in the morning, mentioned a curious fact connected with the late violent storm. He found a number of moles which were killed by his gardener, and upon inquiry he learned, that upon the day on which the tempest occurred, multitudes of these creatures had come up out of the ground, and shewed not the slightest disposition to return to their subterraneous abode, as if, for some reason or other, they had found themselves uncomfortable there. This very extraordinary phenomenon would seem to indicate, either that some agitation had taken place in the interior of the earth, or that the moles were affected by some unusual accession of heat, which drove them simultaneously to the surface, to seek for relief.

While engaged in the evening in looking over the papers at the Casino, which we were permitted to enter through Mr. Koch's kind introduction, I

observed from a paragraph in one of the French journals, that on the same day a hurricane occurred at Rouen, which tore up from the roots several of the largest trees in the Boulevards of that city ; that on the 16th of July (three days previously to the whirlwind on the Rhine) there was an extraordinary swell of the sea at Marseilles ; and that not long before that, the town of Villa da Praya da Victoria, in the island of Terceira, was almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake.

## CHAPTER XII.

Jugel, the Bookseller. His Civilities. Old Frankfort. The Cathedral. Preacher of the Crusade. The British Minister. The Cemetery. Precautions as to Interments. Finger Bells. Arrangements for Vigilance. Subject for Novelists. Bohemian Glass-Shops. Public Gardens. Music. Celebrated Statue of Ariadne. Description of the Statue. M. de Bethmann's Garden.

A LONG-STANDING regard for books and booksellers, and all about them, soon guided me to the shop of M. Jugel. His establishment is upon an extensive scale, and is conducted by himself and his son, a very intelligent young man. They both speak English extremely well, and when I gave my card, for the purpose of writing my direction upon a parcel of books and maps which I had purchased, I was, thanks to that freemasonry which exists in every country between booksellers and authors, placed at home at once. M. Jugel, senior, placed

before me my "Danube," translated into German ; my bill was remodelled, with a liberal per-centage taken off, and he was so kind as to offer me his services in every way in which they could be useful to us. He inquired as to the line which we proposed to take in the further prosecution of our tour, and took the trouble to suggest a route, that would not only enable us to see all that part of the country to the best advantage, but also to place within our reach the best hotels which it afforded. "Above all things," said he, "when you are on your way to Heppenheim, even if you should be late, restrain your appetite until you arrive in that place. I will answer for it that at the hotel there you will be provided with one of the best dinners to be met with in all Germany."

Although the new town of Frankfort is truly a splendid congregation of mansions, that might well be style dpalaces, nevertheless I felt a great deal more interest in exploring the old buildings of this "free" and once "imperial city ;" in wandering through its narrow streets, with the lofty gables forming the fronts of its houses, and frequently, according to the fashion of the good old burgher

times, overhanging the basement stories to such an extent, that two persons might almost shake hands from the windows of the upper floors of houses opposite to each other. In this quarter is found the cathedral, erected in the thirteenth century, and peculiarly distinguished as being the church in which the German emperors were formerly crowned, after their election in one of the chapels near the high altar, called from that circumstance the Election Chapel. There are in it some very curious monuments, and a few excellent pictures by Rubens and Albert Durer. In this fine old temple St. Bernard preached the crusade to crowded audiences, whom he succeeded in inspiring with his own enthusiasm.

The coronation festivities of the emperors were held in the Town-house, in a large saloon, where they were attended by their vassal kings and princes. Here are portraits of the whole imperial line, and it is a very remarkable circumstance, that the portrait of the last German emperor, Francis of Austria, filled up the only space that remained vacant on the walls! The *senate* of Frankfort holds its sessions in one of the chambers of this building, and

in the market-place in front of it a festival was given to the people on the coronation day, when oxen were roasted whole, and hogsheads of wine were arranged in every direction for the guests to use *ad libitum*. There are many old memorials of the past history of Frankfort well worth the attention of travellers, which they will find carefully enumerated in the guide-books.

The person who shewed us over the Town-house put into my hands an old manuscript in French, to which he attached a great value. It stated that when Maximilian II. was crowned (1564), he came to this chamber to witness the amusements which were carried on in the square. The emperor, in full costume, took his station in the second window; the electors of Mentz, Treves, and Cologne stood in the first window; the canopy used at the coronation was exhibited in the third window; while the ambassadors of Bohemia and the Palatinate, and the electors of Saxony occupied the fourth and fifth. All things being prepared for the commencement of the festivities, delegates, appointed for the purpose by the grand dignitaries, mounted their horses in the square, to the sound of trumpets and

timbrels. Then the delegate of the grand marshal rode up to his girths through a heap of oats, some of which he put into a small silver measure. Having passed over it a silver sickle, in order to make the surface of the corn level, he brought it into the hall, and presented it to the arch-chamberlain, who placed it on a table before the emperor, together with a slice of beef, cut from an ox roasted whole, and a silver goblet of wine, thus announcing that the stables and the tables were all well provided. Handfuls of money were next flung amongst the people, after which they proceeded to partake of the good things set before them. Our Cicerone perceiving that I was borrowing some of the matter contained in the manuscript, would not permit me to proceed any farther. In his estimation it was a mystic book, not to be submitted to the eye of the profane.

We had letters from our estimable friend Mr. St. George, and from Lord Palmerston to the British minister here, the Hon. Mr. Fox Strangeways, with whom I had the pleasure of being previously acquainted when he served in the foreign office as one of the two under-secretaries of state.

We found him in a magnificent mansion, tastefully fitted up, in the new quarter already mentioned: he received us in the most friendly and hospitable manner. We met at his table a very agreeable party, amongst whom was Mr. Massy Dawson, the son of an Irish gentleman of the same name, well known for the pleasantry and conviviality of his dispositions. To a similar character his son adds a thorough knowledge of the world, a love of literature and the fine arts, and a genuine vein of Irish wit, which justly obtain for him a welcome in every company. Dinner at the minister's being, according to the German fashion, over early, Mr. Dawson kindly took us to see the new cemetery at a short distance from Frankfort; it is laid out in very good style, and with a strict regard in all its departments and decorations to that solemnity of repose which best becomes the regions of the dead. I saw here, for the first time, a curious contrivance for guarding against the perils of premature interment. It is well ascertained that cases have occurred in which a profound lethargy, presenting all the appearances of death, has been mistaken for the absolute departure of the soul from the body.



The cases, well authenticated, of this nature are certainly not numerous—at least, few have been discovered, in consequence of the rapidity with which, in most countries, the supposed inanimate remains are conveyed to that bourne whence no voice can be heard. I have myself seen, in Constantinople, the bodies of Greeks, who were believed to have died of the plague, carried to the grave in the clothes which they were accustomed to wear, and before the blush of life had wholly faded from the countenance; they were taken on a bier, not even enclosed in a shell, and resigned to the earth within an hour after the malady had been presumed to have terminated fatally. It struck me most forcibly that in some of these cases premature burial must have taken place.

The precautions used in the Frankfort cemetery against unhappy accidents of this kind, are simple and, in the event of reanimation, would, I imagine, be found effectual. The body is first conveyed to the chapel, where the funeral service is read by a clergyman of the religion of the individual accounted as dead; it is then removed to a sepulchral chamber, where a lamp is kept always burning;

the lid of the coffin is taken off, and upon the top of each of the fingers and thumbs of the shrouded figure are placed small bells, or rather, indeed, thimbles, to which are attached wires communicating with a bell, which sounds upon the slightest movement of either of the hands. In an adjoining room attendants, who relieve each other at regulated hours during the day and night, watch for the sound of this bell. An apparatus is in the attendants' chamber, which is contrived to shew whether in the night-time any of them may have slumbered even for a moment. I do not know whether I rightly understood the explanation given to us of this machine ; but I believe the attendant was obliged to wind it up every five minutes, and if he failed to do so, it would of itself register his omission on a dial to which he had no access. The thimbles, moreover, easily slipped off, so that, as it was his duty frequently to visit the sepulchral chamber, he would at once perceive whether any movement of the hands had occurred, which might have failed to set the bell in motion. If no sign of returned life has exhibited itself within a certain number of days, then the sexton takes

charge of the body, and deposits it in the grave already prepared for it.

We anxiously inquired whether any instance had yet occurred in which this ingenious and humane contrivance had been the means of the restoration to society of any person who had been supposed to have disappeared from it for ever. The answer was in the negative. The attendant, however, added, that on one occasion the bell had been faintly heard, but upon examination it was found that the occurrence must have been the result of some accident, such as might have been caused by a galvanic movement in the hands undergoing the process of decomposition.

Writers of melo-dramas or melo-dramatic tales have in this machinery a new species of invention for imparting interest to their productions. After preparing all circumstances for the happy marriage of their heroine, they might by a potion plunge her into a lethargy, such as that to which Juliet was subjected. The obsequies of the dead having been performed in their solemn forms, the lover being filled with a due measure of inconsolable grief, his mistress having been laid in the sepulchral chamber,

and the arrangements being made, as above described, for the detection of any symptoms of the rekindling spark of life, the bell might yield its joyous sound, the lover would rush to the chamber, and there find her whom he supposed he had lost, again in the full possession of life ! I commend this sketch of a plot to their attention !

Opposite to the post-office there is an extensive shop for the sale of Bohemian glass-ware, under the form of every sort of article which may serve for use or ornament in a gentleman's establishment. The material is exceedingly beautiful, and the numberless graceful shapes into which it is wrought never allowed me to pass them by with indifference. Generally speaking, however, these manufactures are offered at prices a great deal too high.

The good citizens of Frankfort enjoy a great luxury in the spacious public gardens which surround the town. Besides these, there is another magnificent and densely shaded promenade, called the Garden of the "Mainlust," at a short distance. It was delightful to wander about beneath the spreading branches of the ancient trees with which this resort of health and pleasure abounds, to meet

in all quarters with groups of families and their happy children gamboling around them, to catch here and there views of the Maine, animated by small pleasure-boats, with their picturesque sails distended by the summer evening breeze, while now and then came upon the ear snatches of charming airs, performed by an excellent band. The genial temperature of the hour was the more delicious, as hitherto for several days we experienced very variable weather; cold, rainy, windy, and gloomy.

While looking over some prints in M. Jugel's shop, I lighted upon two admirably executed lithographs, designed by Schotts, of the statue of Ariadne executed in marble by Dannecker. One of these represents the beautiful recluse of the labyrinth seated on the back of a lioness, the hair upon her majestic-looking head arranged in the Grecian style, and bound at the temples by a wreath of flowers, from which depend two ribands flowing over her right shoulder. Her back is here displayed in all its perfection of shape; the hand of the right arm stretched out grasps the instep of her right foot, which is drawn up so as to exhibit the whole measure of the sole. The left arm is bent,

and leans on the head of the animal, the hand pressing on her left side. The profile of the face, looking over the left shoulder, exhibits an expression of mild pensiveness.

The second print gives the front of the figure, than which it would be difficult to find one more beautiful or more faultless amongst the productions either of the ancient or modern sculptors. The artist by drawing up the left foot under the right thigh, has perfectly succeeded in rendering any kind of drapery unnecessary beneath the navel. The print itself is defective in making the left leg appear much shorter than the right. Ariadne's mantle is thrown over the back of the lioness, and is disposed in graceful folds. A collar is around the neck of the animal, whose open mouth displays its tusks, and serves, with the angry aspect of its head and countenance, to present a powerful contrast with the intelligent, gentle, and yet radiant loveliness of the face above it. The huge limbs of the forest queen increase this effect, when compared with those of Ariadne.

I lost no time in repairing to the garden of M. Maurice de Bethmann, in whose garden this

master-piece of Dannecker is exhibited. Much as the prints taught me to look for, I found the original greatly to exceed my expectations. The two figures all but breathe; one thinks that they are instinct with life, and that only the touch of an enchanter's wand is wanting to remove the spell which detains them on the spot where they are placed. They are immediately in front of M. Bethmann's museum, in which several excellent specimens of sculpture may be found, but none comparable to that just mentioned.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Stædel's Museum. Church Organ. Departure for Heidelberg. General View of Frankfort. French Emigrants. Darmstadt. The Catholic Church. Its Decorations. Public Library. Liberality as to Books. Attentions to learned Men. Economy of Darmstadt. The Odenwald. Views from the Melibocus. The Harvest. Gleaners. The Evening Hour. Heppenheim. Chorus of Peasants. Weinheim. Orchards of Cherries. Arrival at Heidelberg.

WE afterwards visited the museum founded by M. Stædel, a rich citizen of Frankfort, worthy of all honour, on account of the munificent spirit which he displayed in bequeathing ample funds for the erection of the building, and in directing to be placed there the whole of his collection of paintings, drawings, and engravings. He moreover provided for the establishment of an academy for young artists. The museum is not rich in first-rate pieces, but it contains some interesting productions



of the early German school, several rare etchings and engravings by Flemish masters, and a few pictures by Raphael, Perugino, Ostade, Rubens, Hobbema, and Holbein the elder.

One of the old Catholic churches is in possession of the Lutherans. I went in to look at it, and while I was lamenting the modern innovations of galleries and wooden benches, which completely spoil the interior, the organist entered to put his instrument in tune for the evening service, it being Sunday. The organ is one of great power and brilliancy of tone. I ascended to the loft where it is placed, and at my request he was so good as to run his fingers over all the tiers of keys, in order to exhibit its whole force; he then, assisted by one of his pupils, treated me to some very fine fugues of Bach, which they performed in a masterly manner.

Having engaged a voiture for a certain sum (thirty florins) to convey us to Heidelberg by our own route, we reluctantly bade adieu to our kind friends at Frankfort and all the attractions which that city presents to a traveller. Our carriage being an open one, we had the opportunity of contemplating the fine picture behind as well as that

before us, comprehending, on one side, the massive towers and domes of the churches, its splendid lines of new buildings, and the beautiful Maine gliding by its public gardens. As the road descends a little, this picture, being somewhat elevated, was shewn to the greatest advantage; in fact, the position of Frankfort is not seen in its best features until we get to about a league or so beyond the town. In front before us we beheld the Taurus range of mountains, gradually declining from its most elevated summits towards the left, by graceful undulations, and comprehending within its sheltering bosom fields covered with abundant harvests, numbers of country seats, villages, and hamlets, the more exposed heights being crowned by busy windmills.

Passing through a forest of pines, we arrived at Isenberg, one of the several colonies of French Hugonots who took refuge in these regions after the recal of the Edict of Nantes. The descendants of these emigrants still retain the old French costume—the cocked hat, the high-collared coat, the large waistcoat, the short breeches, and shoes with buckles. The habitations are, for the most part,

in the Swiss style, with projecting roofs and pointed gables, timbers variously coloured being inserted in the walls of the gables and of the sides of the houses. The posterity of these settlers may be easily traced through the villages of Slipreingstein and Langen. Our journey was so far cheered by a warm sun shining through an unclouded azure sky.

We soon reached Darmstadt, where we stopped a few hours to take a rapid glance at the "lions" of the place. The first impression one receives on entering this town is, that it must be very populous, although it looks as quiet as the precincts of a convent. It consists of two parts, the old town and the new one; but the road leads at once into the latter, and unless one be informed that the former is still in existence, one would never think of going in search of it. The new houses are erected upon a uniform plan; many of them contain no back rooms, the object of the architect being to cover as much space as possible. Its population does not much exceed 22,000, although one would think, from its apparent extent, that they would

be double that number. It was, in all other respects, very much what I expected to find it; a stately, tranquil, clean, and airy city, as the ducal capitals in Germany generally are; the abode of literary men and of an unostentatious court.

The first object which strikes the eye on entering is the Catholic church, built in a circular form, ascended by several steps, which lead to a very handsome portico lately finished. Over the portico is inscribed the single word *Deo*, beneath which are sculptured figures of the Virgin and child, with a winged angel on each side, the whole surmounted by a gilt cross. The effect of the interior is magnificent: the dome, which is lofty and spacious, is sustained by twenty-eight columns with Corinthian capitals; the organ is behind the high altar, which is constructed of black marble; the candelabra are supported by angels, who hold censers in their hands: their figures are remarkably graceful. There is a handsome tribune for the Catholic members of the ducal family, and some drapery is added here and there, tastefully festooned, in order to give a finish to the picture. There is a silver lamp

suspended by a long chain of the same material before the sanctuary. It is altogether one of the most pleasing of the modern Catholic churches which I have seen upon the Continent. When no congregation is present, the echo is so great that even the sound of our lightest step was returned to the ear; but this inconvenience, necessarily arising from the form of the building, is, as we were informed, scarcely perceptible when the church is filled. The windows are of painted glass. The founder is, I believe, Prince Frederick (brother of the Grand Duke), who became a convert to the Catholic religion about twenty years ago. The Grand Duke and the hereditary prince are Lutherans, so also are a great majority of the inhabitants; the number of Catholics being about 2,300. The young prince has been, not long since, married to a daughter of the King of Bavaria.

I easily found admission to the public library, which contains about two hundred thousand volumes. I was very civilly shewn over it by the under librarian, Dr. Waether, who also was so good as to obtain for me access to the picture-gal-

lery, where I found some excellent paintings by the most celebrated masters, mixed, however, with four or five hundred works of inferior merit. The gallery and the library are connected with the old palace, in which the hereditary prince resides. Any person of respectability is permitted, by a card from the principal librarian (Dr. Feder), to take books to his residence; a privilege which has attracted to Darmstadt a considerable number of learned men from different parts of Germany. Those who have earned distinction are much noticed by the Grand Duke, who is always happy to see them at his court, and frequently invites them to his hospitable board.

From the summit of the tower of the old palace, an extensive prospect may be had, including the Rhine, Spires, Mannheim, Mayence, and many villages. I was informed that Darmstadt is a most economical place to live in. Very handsome suites of apartments may be had in the new town for £20 a year. All other things are in proportion. The new palace in which the Grand Duke resides occupies one of the sides of the principal square:

it is a neat building, without any pretension to splendour. While I was observing it, he came out in his carriage from the gate, accompanied by his family, for their after-dinner drive. He had much the appearance of an English country gentleman.

Remounting our voiture, we proceeded on our journey by a capital road, and speedily arrived within view of the Melibocus mountain. Here begins the district called the Odenwald, or Forest of Odin. The road has received the name of the Bergstrasse, or Mountain Road, from its old Roman appellation, Strata Montana. It is perfectly level, and runs at the foot of a range of hills, which bound the valley of the Rhine on that side. The Melibocus, or Malchen, is the highest hill on the Odenwald chain. It is surmounted by a white tower, constructed towards the close of the last century, for the purpose of enabling those who might choose to ascend it to behold very extensive and picturesque views of the country all round, comprehending, it is said, under a favourable state of the atmosphere, one one side Spires, Mannheim,

Worms, Mayence, the course of the Rhine as far as Bingen, of the Neckar, and its junction with the Rhine, and even sometimes the tower of the Strasburg Cathedral, a distance of nearly one hundred English miles. The prospect on the north advances as far as the mountains of Hesse (sixty miles), on the east over the hills of the Odenwald to Wurtzburg, and on the west to the Vosges mountains in France.

Our road conducted us through, or near, a great variety of handsome villages, many of them perched on the mountain declivities. It was the harvest time in all this country. We met numerous teams of oxen drawing waggons, heaped with sheaves of corn, and driven by boys who were scarcely visible, as they sat almost buried amongst the top sheaves to protect themselves from the sun, which shone out once more in all its splendour. Boys and women also traversed the road with large burdens of green food for cattle on their heads; and their heads and a great part of their figures not being perceptible beneath the bending verdure, it seemed as if the herbage had a fancy to betake itself upon a journey



of pleasure, reminding one of the march of “Birnham wood to Dunsinane.” On our right, far beyond the Rhine, lengthened ridges of mountains presented themselves but faintly, and fading as to their utmost distances into lines of azure streaks upon the horizon.

While pursuing our way, we were overtaken by some members of the ducal family, proceeding on a visit to the archduchess, who resided in a chateau on the side of a lofty hill. The evening was breezy and beautiful. On our left we passed several orchards, vineyards, and large fields of poppies. The sickle (which we observed was usually much smaller than those used in England) was busy in many quarters; in others, the stacks had already disappeared, and groups of gleaners were engaged in gathering their small store, strewed amongst the stubbles. We rested a few minutes at the small village of Ombach, in order to enable our horses to obtain a slight repast upon black bread, which they appeared to relish much. The land about all this country, we were informed, is very dear, as it is much sought after on account of its wonder-

ful fertility, and being also fitted for almost every species of tillage. The hills were cultivated to the summits, and on their summits, with vines. In all the fields, and upon the hills, the majority of the labourers were women. We still traced here by their cocked hats the French settlers. The drivers of the teams of oxen, yoked by their heads only to the waggons, were universally boys.

As we approached Heppenheim, we had still light enough to observe its picturesque situation, at the foot of a rounded hill, crowned by the ruined towers of Starkenburg Castle, erected so long ago as the year 1064, by the abbots of Losch, as a defence against the inroads of the German emperors. There still remains a square tower in tolerable preservation, upon which fell the beams of a brilliant moon. The evening was heavenly; not a leaf was stirring, nor a sound heard, save occasionally the lash of a postilion's whip, on his route with travellers; of the creaking of the wheels of the well-heaped waggons, and now and then the barks of village dogs and the tinkling of convent bells. We met frequently

groups of men and women returning from the labours of the day, with their sickles in their hands. The females had usually white handkerchiefs tied round their heads; all appeared very happy and gay, and as we passed by them they saluted us in the most respectful manner and with all the grace of the French peasantry.

We put up at the "Half-Moon," by our friend Jugel's recommendation; but the dinner, for which, by his advice, we had reserved our appetites, by no means fulfilled his prediction. The reason no doubt was, that we did not arrive in time to order a good provision. Our disposition to dine was too long "restrained" to permit us to wait for a full display of the cook's skill; so we were very ready to take whatever we could get. The mildness of the night and the silvery splendour of the moon tempted us to walk out, after our repast, to some distance, until our steps were arrested by voices which we heard from a field where four or five peasants were engaged singing in concert some of their native airs. Their performance was excellent; they were stretched at their ease upon a green bank, under a shady tree; we remained near them,

enjoying this unexpected treat, which we prevailed upon them to prolong by the temptation of a bottle or two of wine of their own selection, which we directed them to obtain at our hotel. Before we returned, the aspect of the night became altered ; a haze rose upon the horizon, imparting a watery lustre to the moon, and the stars rapidly disappeared.

When we rose the following morning, we found that copious showers of rain had fallen during the night. It was still drizzling when we resumed our journey, passing by Laudenbach (where some of the best wine in this part of the country is grown) to Hemsbach, a most remarkable little village, snugly seated beneath a vine-clad hill. As we proceeded, neatly-cultivated gardens bordered our road on either side, and far away on our right we still had fine views of the Vosges mountains. The day changed greatly for the better ; the sky cleared up, and the sun came out, as we approached Weinheim, one of the most beautiful, as well as of the most ancient, towns on the Begstrasse. It is encircled by a ditch and defended by several towers. Cherries are produced in great abundance, and of

very fine quality, in this neighbourhood. Many baskets of this fruit are annually exported to the London markets. The prospects on every side were all along peculiarly agreeable during our drive for the greater part of the day, being principally through villages embosomed in hills, the monotonous vineyards being frequently hidden behind rows of fine old walnut trees and apple trees, bending beneath the weight of their produce. These delicious scenes continued until we caught the first view of the Neckar and its charming banks. Within a few minutes after, we reached Heidelberg, and alighted at the Holländische Hof (Holland Hotel), which is handsomely situated opposite the river.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Tuns of Heidelberg. Graimberg's Brochure. His account of the "Great Monster." John Casimir. His hospitable Speech. His idea of a Tun. His Goblet. Dimensions of Tun No. 1. Dimensions of Tun No. 2. Medals in honour of it. Repair of this Tun. The existing Tun. The "Head of all Tuns." Description of it. Gallery of Antiquities. Elizabeth's Gate. Its Origin. Preservation of the Ruins. Vicissitudes of the Castle. Misfortunes of the Town.

As we arrived early in the day, we posted off at once to explore the curiosities of this most ancient and interesting town. I procured in a shop, as we proceeded towards the castle, a little brochure, in *English*, of some thirty pages, entitled, "The present existing great Tun of Heidelberg" (which was one of the finest objects of our attention), "built in the year 1751, by the Count Palatinate Elector, Charles Theodore." A few extracts from this production (published in 1839) can hardly fail

to amuse the reader, both for its *style* and matter. Besides the account of the great tun, and also of the two lesser tuns by which the great tun was preceded, it contains also a notice of the hall of antiquities of the Heidelberg Castle. It is the work of M. Charles de Graimberg, an artist of some merit, who appears to feel a peculiar delight in illustrating the history of this venerable ruin—a history more replete with violent vicissitudes than that, perhaps, of any other castle in Europe. Thus writes M. de Graimberg:—

“ You ancient Heidelberg! are, indeed, deservedly celebrated on account of your beautiful environs! Deservedly on account of the university which, the most ancient of Germany, began four centuries ago to diffuse a better spirit *for* the sciences over our *universal* native country And last of all, very deservedly on account of these venerable ruins on the Jettenbühl, once the residence of powerful princes, who from hence for upwards of five hundred years extended their mild scepter over the fertile countries on the banks of the Rhine, and laid the foundation of this castle,

the seat of their paternal care, that looks now warningly down upon the German traveller, as a severe monument of the demolition caused by the spirit of war. But all this could not accomplish for you, good town! that great fame which that cheerful monument of the *richness* in wine of the ancient Electoral Palatinate, namely, the GREAT TUN, has obtained for you! You *sparkle* with that treasure, and from all parts of the world innumerable travellers arrive, to see this monster, which can contain in its bulk two hundred thirty-six thousand bottles of wine!

"Ye strangers! who wish to view this remarkable monument of past cheerfulness, ascend the Jettenbühl, where the ruins of that castle of princes elevate themselves in proud majesty. On the terrace of the castle you see, in the shadow of high palaces, a smaller still thatched building. Two open lion-mouths point it out, in the walls are square windows, where formerly were Gothic vaults piously ornamented. From the foot of the terrace a small door leads into the interior. Here, among a few remnants of the ancient court chapel, once famous for its richness, re-



poses the monster. To him his careful preserver, the kind cooper of the court, shall conduct you.

“In order that you, stranger, may now contemplate this rare monument with a greater degree of pleasure, and that you may, perhaps, by looking at it, give way to some instructive thoughts, I will tell you the history of the origin of this tun, and its fate, as much as it is known to me.

“Among the princes who once shone forth from here with the fame of a hero and a ruler, was also one—a rare example of greatness, a pattern for rulers and generals. John Casimir was his name, Count Palatine of the Rhine and Duke of Bavaria, son of the Count Palatine and Elector Frederick III. the Pious, descended from the Palatinate Simmern line of the princes of Schyres; a prince admired by all as a vigorous speaker and combatant for the affairs of his friends, never for his own; as a general of his church victorious; by his arms and by his name he commanded the laws of peace before the gates of powerful enemies.”

After a further magniloquent panegyric upon the hero of the tun, our author proceeds :—

“ In this manner he had, for six years, managed the electorate of the Palatinate, and had obtained the fourty-seventh year (1589) of his glorious life, when one day, a circle of his friends being assembled around him, he looked down from the height of this castle upon the extensive and, under his scepter, happy valley of the Rhine. He long and silently contemplated the gay and verdant plain, surrounded by beautiful mountains, and in his mind passed the past days in serene shapes. He then spoke: ‘My friends! Magnificent are the fields blessed by God with the richest and most delicious gifts. But, above all, they are covered with low tendrils, the modest symbols of a quiet greatness, which distribute their delicious juice, the refresher of life. Oft have I, at the foot of yonder mountains, presented you (the hospitable goblet \*) with consoling words. You felt your-

\* “ This hospitable goblet, named the welcome or healthy goblet, was a white and blue clouded cup, and is still preserved in the town-house of Neustadt, with a mug, its inseparable companion. The glass is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot high, and is near six inches in diameter at the

selves strengthened with new vigour and animated with courage to fulfill your duties. You forgot past injuries while you enjoyed the benefits of the present. Now that our most important duties are fulfilled, that the welfare of our country is established, and our electoral ward is prepared for a wise government, let us not forget our pleasures, and erect a worthy monument to the giver of all the enjoyments of life.’”

A minute description of the execution of the work, by “the skilful and experienced cooper Michael Warner, from the freetown of Landau,” is then given; it occupied him two years. It con-

top; at all events, a sufficient size to gain esteem with the drinkers, particularly when, at the feasts, its turn came and was drunk out at one draught. The mug is grey, but more inclining to yellow, from the same material as our stone beer-mugs, and was one foot high. The front side is ornamented with a silver shield of arms, which is fastened, by means of two silver chains, on a gold ring, which incircles the neck of the mug. Upon the shield is seen the arms of the counts palatine, with this writing:—‘The noble Count Palatine Casimir has selected me to welcome and to be well drunk out with berry-wine, when the new town-house is consecrated. 1575.’”\*

\* “Account of John Adam Leger, formerly counsellor and burgomaster of the town of Neustadt, at the foot of the Haardt.”

tained (this be it observed was the *first* tun) 132 tuns 3 awmes and 3 quarters; it was 27 feet long, and was formed of 112 staves, and enclosed with 24 iron hoops. The workman for his wages received 1500 florins, and the locksmith for iron and hoops, 1400 florins. This tun was, however, unfortunately destroyed during the thirty years' war, and remained in a state of ruin, until it was repaired by the Count Palatine, Charles Lewis.

“Some fourty years the great tun remained in ruins, not esteemed and almost forgotten by every body, until the Count Palatinate Charles Lewis, elector, accomplished his most important duties and again healed the wounds of his unhappy country, which the destructive thirty years war had caused. Then he thought to renew the work of his grand ancestor, as a monument of returned merriment. Upon his command it was rebuilt in the year 1664, by the electoral court butler, John Meyer, and enlarged to a height of twenty-one feet and a length of thirty feet, made to contain 204 tons, 3 awmes and 4 quarters. It was, like the first, surrounded with 24 iron hoops, but richer and adorned around

with many colour painted images. The chief figures were, on the top of the front side, a great Bacchus holding a goblet in his right hand, and between his legs a tame lion without a tongue ; upon the ledge of the front side four Satyres playing on wind instruments. At the top of the tun was established a smooth floor called a balcony, very convenient for several couples to dance. A winding staircase of fifty steps lead to it, at each extremity of the tun sixty-four rhymes were engraved in eight stanzas, which contained its history and the praise of the wine. The name of the poet was Joseph Tannenbergh ; the sculptor Reinhard de Werth, and the painter Rötger Franz. Indeed, even the workmen are not forgotten ; they were the court-joiner, Christoph Wachter ; the court carpenter, Hans Kleb, the town locksmith, Eberhard Liebler."

Innumerable medals of various sizes and forms with suitable inscriptions, were stuck in honour of the second as well as of the first great tun. M. de Graimberg enters with all the enthusiasm of an

artist, devoted to every object connected with the castle, into a description of many of these productions. To us, in these days of temperance, it does seem extraordinary that a wine vat, of whatever dimensions it might have been, should have excited so much attention throughout all Germany, as to cause its most ingenious engravers to occupy their skill upon such memorials. Well might one say—  
“*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*” We now arrive at the creation of the great monster.

“ Forty years this great tun (tun 11) remained empty, was spoiled and became full of holes, till at last Count Palatine Charles Philip Elector, restored palaces of the castle, and took again possession of his throne in the midst of the palatines. Then the modern monstrous tun in the subterranean chamber was thought of. The Elector commanded it to be restored and, if possible, to be still handsomer and more richly adorned with new ornaments than either of its predecessors. The work began under the inspection of the court butler of that time, John Anton Engler, in the year 1728, and the tun was filled on the 1st of May, the name day

of the Elector, with wine of the country. It was adorned with many new statues, heads, and ornaments, and a new balcony was erected upon it, and another second staight staircase, as there is now, was built. Two upright standing lions appear to hold the front side of the tun with their claws, each claw reposing on a beautiful little tun. Every time eight new stanzas and many other new rimes were placed here and there upon the front side as well as on the back part. On the right side of the tun was placed the statue of Perkeo, which is to be seen even now opposite the tun ; and it represents perfectly well this old friend of wine and wit, in features, shape, and dress. Clemens Perkeo, generally called Clementel, and famous under the name of Cavaliere Clemente, as the excellent court jester of the Count Palatine Elector Charles Philip, was born in Tyrol and of citizen rank, a dwarf in shape, and his first profession was a button-maker. Charles Philip, who, as an imperial governor and uper director of war of Austria, kept his court in Inspruck, in Tyrol, before he ascended the throne of the Palatinate, first brought from there this witty

joker to Nuburg, on the Danube, and then to Heidelberg, where he in the year 1718, on the 4th day of March, had his entrance. Perkeo became, at the first sight, the friend of this giant-like tun, which seemed to be melancholy for being imprisoned, and he remained his truest adherent and his most ardent defender, when the Elector afterwards, in the year 1720, left Heidelberg and removed his court to Mannheim. It was Perkeo who managed its deliverance and restoration, and obtained it at last in the year 1727. Therefore Charles Philip nominated him knight and chamberlain of the king of the tuns. But the rescued king too was not ungrateful towards his servant and old friend; he allowed him to enjoy the gifts of his empire when and as often as he wished. But the moderate knight was pleased only to quench his thirst; and this cost, as he said to himself, to his grateful master, not more than eighteen to twenty bottles daily. In M. de Graimberg's gallery of antiquities of the castle of Heidelberg, is to be seen a handsome likeness of the knight Clemente, taken in oil in the year 1740, by the electoral palatine court painter,



A. Sadeler. He is represented in his dress and wears besides other merry badges of the order the key of the hall of the tun, fastened with a long red ribbon, which is hanging down from the left shoulder almost to his feet. The artist has represented him in the moment when he throws down in anger and in pride the marks of his former profession and destroys them, which somebody had put in his way to tease him. This pretty picture will be soon given out by M. de Grainberg, in fine engraved sketches, to the friends of art and of the antiquities of the castle of Heidelberg."

This repaired tun has also been made the subject of many medals and paintings, of which critical accounts are given by our author. Time, however, did not spare the renovated vessel. It was fast falling to decay, its old ornaments went out of fashion, and "the fame of the tun was in danger."

"It was then that the generous Count Palatine, the Elector Charles Theodor, took notice of the sinking monument of John Casimir, and caused an entirely new one to be built, in the year 1751, of the hardest wood, by his court butler, John

James Engler, junr. No expenses were spared to raise this work above works of the same description in dignity and strength; and it is said that the expenses were 80,000 florins, but to hide from the Elector these great expenses, only 60,000 florins are spoken of in the official papers. Thus we see it to-day the head of all tuns of the world, the most glorious altar of Bacchus. It excels all its predecessors in size, 236 tons or 236,000 great bottles are required to fill up the vacancy of its monstrous bulk, which many a peaceful autumn was filled with the country wine of the Palatinate, amid the rejoicings of the cheerful people. The whole length of the tun is thirty feet and five inches of Heidelberg measure. On the front-side as well as on the hind part, it has, the thickness of the hoops not being considered, twenty-one feet six inches in diameter, and the middle diameter of the bulk is more than twenty-three feet in measure. Its staves are eight inches and a half thick; its circular bung-hole is three inches and a half large. The tun is enclosed in eighteen wooden hoops, of which each is eight inches thick and ten inches

broad, made of bent jagged iron hoops and screws united between pieces of beams. Each of the exterior hoops is eighteen inches wide. Of so many iron hoops there are only some remaining, each of which is four inches wide, and provided with strong spanscrews. Upon the front-side, as well as on the back part, the bottom curves in, on account of the pressure of the liquid, and is held together by four very strong cross-beams, the ends of which are fastened by iron hoops and screws to the bottom and to staves. The tun is placed upon eight elegant carved strong beams, raised some feet from the ground. Before as well as behind the height of the whole work amounts, reckoning from the floor of the cellar, to thirty-six feet,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  an inch; and above on the front-side is attached a great scutcheon ornamented with the electoral hat, upon a light blue field the golden initials of the Count Palatine Elector Charles Theodor. In the cellar are still preserved the compass and the plane, which were used in building the tun. The compass is eight feet six inches long, and upon it is engraved the following rhimes: ‘The compass of

sense shall measure through me the interior, therefore no one touch me who does not understand my substance; Mr. Engler's art and hand produced skilfully through me, a new wonderful tun to great Theodor, 1750.' The great plane has a length of seven feet, a width of ten inches, and a thickness of four inches and a half. Upon it is the name of the workman, John James Engler, 1750. Several staircases lead to this giant tun, and upon it is a floor called balcony, twenty-six feet seven inches high, and raised above the cellar floor, and offers to a numerous party sufficient room to many amusements, and it is surrounded by a rail, three feet and six inches high. The tun can be filled by an opening at the top. Before this immense tun, another of common size is placed, which is remarkable only on account of its skilful combination. For its staves are joined together in the most exact, solid, and perfect manner, without hoops or other visible fastenings."

Through the very laudable attentions of M. de Grainberg to the castle of Heidelberg, which he assures us he has "made his own," and under

the auspices of the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, a gallery of the antiquities, found within the precincts of the castle, has been lately established in the house upon the entrance to the great bridge, exactly opposite to the square tower. It may be seen upon application to the portress, or rather to her daughter, Jacobiner Winclair, a favourable specimen of German fat and good humour, who acknowledges to the age of twenty-two years, though one would be inclined to rate it a *little* nearer to thirty. She speaks enough of English to make herself understood. The antiquities are preserved in three distinct chambers, and several of them are really very curious and interesting. There are some excellent modern engravings, which represent the beautiful arabesques of the castle. "No. 29 is a view of the gateway, called Elizabeth's Gate, the small remains of the beautiful days of the Palatine court-garden, still rich in recollection for the traveller from Britannia's Isle, as being connected in one instance with the annals of his country."\*

\* "This gate took its name from the Princess Royal Elizabeth, daughter of James I., King of England, and consort of the Count

In that part of the castle called Ruprecht's building another gallery is in process of formation, which is intended to embrace a variety of remarkable objects collected from all parts of the world. It is due to the reigning prince to observe that every thing he has done for the preservation of these majestic ruins from further decay has been executed in the best taste. He has changed nothing. He has sought only to keep up what he found still standing. Somebody suggested, for instance, that for the old pavement in the court yard a grass-plot should be substituted, that gravelled walks leading to the different entrances of the ruin should be made, shaded with acacias and other trees, and that

Palatine Elector Frederick V., who loved her tenderly and with a rare constancy. Elizabeth's Gate may truly be called a wonder of love, if one may believe a tradition, which vaunts its building as being the work of one night. Frederick, it is said, wished once (it was in the year 1615) to make a pleasing surprise to his beloved wife, and on the eve of the night which he selected for the erection of this monument, he found a pretext to remove her from the electoral court: when the princess returned the next morning, she found, to her great astonishment and delight, the triumphal arch which opened a way to her palace at the other end of the great rampart of the castle."

the principal court-yard should be divested of its plants and wild shrubs, and paved anew. The Grand Duke has given no encouragement to any such changes, justly feeling that the ruined castle of Heidelberg should have no kind of court-yard that was not in keeping with its ruined condition.

The wonder is that so great a part of the old castle should still remain, considering the many hostile attacks which have been directed from time to time against it, as well as the town it was designed to protect. Most favourably situated on the left bank of the Neckar, it was formerly a highly prosperous emporium for merchandize of every kind, and for the vine produce of the country all round. Its position, however, and its great bulwark, rendered it so important in a military point of view, that it never failed to be an object of violent contention between opposing armies. It was five times bombarded, twice burnt to the ground, and thrice delivered up to pillage. From these devastations Heidelberg has never recovered. Its buildings, as they now stand, are wholly without interest, one alone excepted, which has

been converted into the hotel called the Zum Ritter, from the figure of the knight at the top. Its façade, highly ornamented with statues and coats of arms, may afford some idea of the splendour of Heidelberg before it was made the victim of successive wars. It stands in the market-place.



## CHAPTER XV.

Various Attacks upon the Castle of Heidelberg. Prospects seen from it. Its charming Terrace. The University. Concert of Trumpets. Excursion to Manheim. The Palace. The Neckar. Its Steam Navigation. Journey on its Banks. Its Scenery. Imposing Appearance of the Neckar. Floating Bridge. Its Machinery. Romantic Scenes. A Cake-maker. A Robber Fortress. Tokens of general Prosperity. Artificial Banks of River.

THE walls of the castle of Heidelberg were wonderfully massive; but, strong as they were, they fell under the power of the artillery levelled at various times against them, and are either prostrated or tumbling in almost all directions. Without the assistance of an experienced guide, it would be difficult, from any written account of these ruins, to discover the quarter battered by Turenne as distinguishable from the general devastation caused by the French, under Chamilly, in the year 1693. This was the "worst destruction"

as well as the most wanton of all ; for Chamilly had obtained possession of the castle through the treason or cowardice of the governor and garrison, after many of the town's-people had fled thither for protection. Not only were the armed and unarmed put indiscriminately to the sword, but all the strong parts of the castle were blown up. Whatever was wanted to complete the work of ruin, both in the castle and the town, was supplied by the French revolutionary forces in 1793, when the old and valuable monuments in the churches were all mutilated or abolished.

After all, independently of the interest belonging to the ivy-clad remains of the castle, its moats, and court-yards, and broken turrets, the great charm of the prospects which may be seen from its terrace constitutes an attraction all its own—one that can never perish. The Neckar, with its vine-covered banks—glimpses of the Rhine in the distance shining out here and there when exposed to the full light of the sun—innumerable spires of churches, revealing the existence of towns and villages, where the latter cannot be seen, and the blue Vosges mountains forming the distant outline

of the picture, present a rare and beautiful combination. While we remained in Heidelberg, I repaired to that terrace as often as I could, and I thought that every time I visited it, and gazed, while walking or resting, upon the diversity of objects it disclosed to the eye, I found something new to heighten my admiration.

The crowds of students seen in the streets in the evening indicate the present prosperous condition of the university; and notwithstanding the orders issued by the late King of Prussia against any of his subjects studying here, I was informed that many of the pupils were of that country. The medical and law schools are the best attended, although there are here highly celebrated professors in every department of instruction. The library is said to contain 120,000 printed volumes, and a considerable number of manuscripts. They include a great portion of the very valuable Palatine library, relating principally to the history of Germany. It is a trait of the liberal feeling which has for some time prevailed in Heidelberg with reference to religion—a feeling very different indeed from those days gone by, I trust for ever—that the

Catholics and Lutherans worship under the same roof, their respective portions of the church being divided by a wall.

We had an opportunity of hearing in one of the public rooms here a concert of *trumpets*. The effect of the performance was peculiarly animating. The orchestra was composed of nearly twenty instruments; the harmony between them was perfect, and the lyrical air or the solemn march was played with equal facility and success. I never before witnessed a musical exhibition so little liable to tameness or monotony. It touched the soul to its inmost powers of susceptibility, and realized all that we read of the powers of Timotheus. It was worthy of a much more numerous audience than happened to be present upon this occasion.

We took an excursion, by the newly finished railway from Heidelberg to Manheim. The latter is an old name attached to a new town, built with a Philadelphian degree of uniformity, the old town having been so utterly destroyed by the ravages of war, that scarcely one stone of it remained upon another, with the exception of the palace, which is now occupied by Stephanie, Grand Duchess

Dowager of Baden. The gardens attached to the palace are well laid out, and kept in excellent order. They terminate towards the Rhine in an elevated terrace, which forms a delightful promenade by the side of the river. The Messrs. Artaria have in the principal street an extensive bookselling establishment, which I had time only slightly to look over.

Finding the town scarcely worth the trouble we took in visiting it, we resumed our places in the next returning train to Heidelberg, and engaged a voiture for the following day to Wurtzburg. The railway time from Heidelberg to Manheim is half an hour.

We were informed that preparations were in progress for the navigation of the Neckar by steam, a project which has been since carried into effect, if I am to trust to a magniloquent advertisement I found in Galignani, of which, for the captivation of the reader, I here subjoin a copy:—

VALLEY OF THE NECKAR.

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This beautiful and interesting district, where the river Neckar falls into the Rhine, near Mannheim, has only in these latter days been opened to the tourist and traveller by means of the progress of

## STEAM NAVIGATION,

having hitherto been inaccessible from the rude and unfinished state of the roads along the course of the river leading to it.

The voyage from Heidelberg, so celebrated throughout the world for the grandeur of its ruined castle, to Heilbronn, affords a never-ceasing variety of magnificent views—here disclosing the remains of ancient towns renowned in history, or celebrated for romantic tales of bold and martial knights or lovely damsels, mistresses of the castles in the middle ages—there castles still the summer retreats of wealthy lords, surrounded by beautiful small towns, smiling and happy in successful industry, picturesque villages, important saline springs and baths animating the banks of the river, from which arise the rocks in savage grandeur, mostly clad with dark and dense forests that close the valley in, until, on approaching Heilbronn, they gradually retire, leaving the valley to expand itself into verdant meadows, wide-spreading fields, waving with golden crops of corn, and flourishing vineyards, forming together a voluptuous landscape, which continues till Heilbronn is reached. Here again the traveller enters upon the main road, with branches leading in every direction.

My narrative must, I fear, be much tamer than this glowing description. We mounted our voiture soon after seven o'clock A.M., under the light of a fine morning (30th July). Our course lay by the left bank of the Neckar, which was here very shallow. A raft of at least a hundred yards in length was floating down the river. On our right were high well-wooded hills, through which started up here and there rude masses of gigantic naked rocks. Beyond the bank on the opposite side, smiling villages, with the fresh smoke curling up from their cottages, and a graceful sweep of rising ground occupied with vines, came in view. Fishermen were aranging their nets, and hoisting their single small sails for their daily expedition. The river became considerably deeper as we advanced, and bore upon it a number of craft, engaged in the same kind of occupation.

The Neckar assumed a greater degree of importance as we proceeded. Its depth and the rapidity of the current were more imposing. Near its right bank appeared strata of red sand-stone, overhung by a wood. From the many excavations

made in these strata, it would appear that the stone is much in requisition for building. Our carriage drove close by a field of lucerne in fine order. It was edged by a bank of fragrant wild flowers of a thousand colours. The road here ascended so considerably, that we only now and then caught glances of the river far beneath us. On our right were mountains crowned with forests, which shut out from our view the sky beyond them ;—a favourable spot for the construction of boats, which appeared to be the principal occupation of the inhabitants of a town on the top of a hill, with a terrible long name, not possible for me to decypher in my notes. A little above this place, we crossed the river on a floating bridge, leaving behind us the little village Neckurozimer, and landing at another, denominated Neckurstinogh !

The machinery for moving the floating bridge is of a simple, and for a river so liable as this to be swollen in the winter above its banks, of a very safe description. A boat is anchored at some distance above the bridge, with which it is connected by a chain of other boats. When the bridge is let



loose on one bank, the force of the current acting on the chain of boats gives to the bridge an impetus which swings it to the opposite side, describing a semicircle of which the anchored boat is the centre. Men with grappling hooks are in attendance to draw the bridge with its burden to the land, when the horses, which had been separated from the carriage, are put to, and resume their journey.

Our course was now through a by-road, amongst corn fields and ploughed lands. Apple trees and plum trees were bending over our heads with the weight of their produce. The Neckar, upon whose right bank we were now proceeding, disappeared from our view, and we could only mark the direction of its channel, by the sails moving along through the fields. Beyond it were numerous quarries of red sand-stone, the deep colour of which contrasted with the verdure of the woods impending over them. The French cocked hat re-appeared here, and the peasantry lead their oxen, whether attached singly, or in teams to waggons, by walking right before them.

We had again the pleasure of beholding the full

body of the river, and also of finding ourselves upon an excellent road, which conducted us to Neckarostinogh, if I rightly spell the name. Here begins that series of ancient churches, convents, and ruined fortifications, the interesting features of which are so highly eulogized in the advertisement—and I must add, not altogether without reason, for they do form many picturesque combinations. The country about here is, it must be admitted, well worth visiting by all lovers of romantic scenery. I fear they will not think the names of the villages here very fit for poetry: three of them rejoice in the appellation of Herman Torf, Hirseh-horn, and Neckarsteinach. At the latter place there is a remarkably pretty inn, in the kitchen of which we found a plump, neatly-dressed, merry brunette making sweet cakes. We wished that our arrangements had permitted us to tarry here, until the said cakes should emerge from the oven already waiting to give them a “warm reception.” In lieu thereof, we were obliged to content ourselves with some excellent bread and butter, and a flask of wine with some unpronounceable name,

which, however, in body and bouquet, was above all exception.

The castles near Neckarsteinach are said to have been erected by one of the robber knights, who claimed dominion, or rather exercised the power of plundering, over all the adjacent country. They consisted originally of four buildings, one of which was a square donjon; the others are in the usual form, and one seems to have suffered so little from violence or time, that it appears to be still habitable. The fourth is at some distance from the others, and of so great an elevation that it has received the name of the swallow's nest. It is a pleasing circumstance to notice that the Catholic and Lutheran services are performed alternately in the village church.

We noticed many new houses in progress of erection here; the walls of stone are first raised without any cement, and then they are thickly plastered over. The village, which already approaches the magnitude of a town, is nearly surmounted by hills, and as our road led through them we had constantly to exclaim, "How beautiful!" We wound along the pleasant banks of

the Neckar, which was close beside us ; upon the banks were piles of firewood ready to be embarked n boats, and near them were heaps of a kind of turf, composed of saw-dust and cow-dung, used for kindling the fires.

A few showers of light rain had the effect, after they passed away, of bringing out a delicious balmy freshness on the air. There was a slight ripple on the river, which passed on, gently murmuring in its course, being here pressed in between artificial banks, with a view to deepen the stream for the purposes of navigation. The whole ride through this country, presenting a succession of woodland scenery, was enchanting.

## CHAPTER XVI.

False Pearls. A May-pole. Primitive Peasantry. Wood-cutters-Beerfelden. "Begone dull Care." Enjoyments of Travellers. Dinner. Shepherd Boys. Castle of Erbach. Its Gallery of Armour. Valuable Suits of Mail. The Dwarf Thomele. Served up in a Pie. Painted Windows. The Museum. The Countess de Salis. Journey to Wurtzburg. Bavarian Piety. Wild Forests. White Soup. Arrack Punch. Wurtzburg. Table d'Hôte. Stein Wine. Vespers. Procession. The Blessed Sacrament. Homage paid to it. Mr. Robertson, Translator of Schlegel. Visit to his Sister.

WE observed preparations going on here for the construction of a railway from Heidelberg to Eberbach, a town of 3,000 inhabitants. The scales of a fish called the Bleak are collected here for the manufacture of false pearls. Our road was ornamented with lines of mountain ash, their clusters of red berries being in full bloom. Charming villages, numerous brooks ringing gaily on their way, and

crossed here and there by flag stones, over-shot mills, green pasturages, and declivities yielding an abundance of the white dog daisy, appearing like patches of snow, diverted us from observing that we had already lost sight of the Neckar.

Our route then led us by the side of dense forests, whose loftiest trees seemed to us almost to touch the skies. Passing at some distance from Heilbronn, we found ourselves in what must be a capital fishing country, if one may so conclude from the number of full brooks meandering through the fields in all directions, some of them dammed in by ancient stone sluices. In one of the villages a May-pole, hung with wreaths of ribands and flowers in the good old style, had been recently placed before a very neat cottage—the tribute, I presume, of their neighbours to a newly married pair. Long strips of linen, spread on the grass to be bleached, indicated one of the usual occupations of the peasantry of this country. We noticed here, for the first time during our journey, great numbers of beehives. Several fields of very fine wheat occasionally bordered our way, their surfaces swept by the

breezes from the adjacent mountains. Potatoes seemed also to be much cultivated here ; we no longer observed any ruins of castles. The peasantry appeared to be a primitive agricultural people, secluded within a district of their own, and, from their gazing at us and our carriage, evidently little accustomed to the visits of strangers.

From this we passed into pine forests, by a capital road ; wood-cutters were at work in several directions, and members of their families were seated, gipsy-like, at the edge of the forest, near fires, where they were cooking their meals. Ascending gradually, we soon attained to the summit of a table land, partly barren, partly covered with thin, light crops of corn. Hence we descended to the village of Beerfelden, where our carriage, upon stopping at the inn, was surrounded by troops of boys just let loose from school. They appeared never to have seen such a spectacle before. We were shewn into an old-fashioned chamber, where we found a smart rifle, a fowling-piece, and game bag ; a weather-glass, a small mirror, and several daubs of coloured prints decorated the walls.

Among the prints were some representing the battle of Navarino ; they were rather in the Chinese style, sails flying in the air all on fire. A piano was also here, to which, after we had ordered our dinner, we sat down, and performed and sung with great effect, “ Begone, dull Care !” Never did two travellers enjoy themselves more than we had done, ever since we had set out from Heidelberg. Although the course of our journey offered no object of very striking interest, still there were many peculiarities of river, brook, rural woodland, hill, valley, mill, solitude, forest and mountain scenery, which, harmonizing with the primitive aspect of the hamlets and their unsophisticated inhabitants, conspired to dispose the mind to that state of reverie that makes one forget all the turmoils of the world beyond. And so we encored “ Begone, dull Care !” and applauded ourselves even to the echo !

Our repast being spread upon an old oak table by a healthy lump of a waiting-girl, we turned to it with no merciful appetite. We had fresh eggs, excellent bread and butter, soup, veal and ham, floury potatoes, and beet root. We tried the



wine, but it was not good, and we substituted for it rum-and-water. The charge for the whole was very moderate. Re-ascending our vehicle, we soon left Beerfelden behind us, passing by a road lined with the mountain ash. Rows of saplings were planted in some places, and tended with as much care as if they were in a nursery garden. The country now presented more of a pasturage than tillage character. Shepherd-boys, with their crooks and dogs, followed by their flocks, were seen frequently emerging from the woods. The afternoon was delightful, and some time before the sun went down we entered Erbach.

We proceeded at once to visit the castle of the Counts of Erbach. The structure of the building, which is modern, having been erected on the site of the ancient baronial residence, presents no external feature worth notice; but it contains a magnificent rittersaal, or knightly hall, in which there is a collection of suits of armour, shields, swords, fire-arms, antiquities, painted glass, old vestments ornamented with figures worked in high relief, and other objects well worthy of inspection.

Several of the suits of armour are arranged on figures, some of which are on horseback, some elevated on pedestals, so as to set them off to the greatest possible advantage. There are two or three figures on horseback, representing cornuted knights, the horns springing from the tops of the visors.

Suits which are authenticated as having been worn by Gustavus Adolphus, by the celebrated Wallenstein, by Albrecht V., Franz of Sickingen, and his friend Gotz of Berlichingen, of the iron hand, Cosmus II., Philip the Good of Burgundy, the emperor Frederick III., Maximilian I. of Austria, and other well-known historical characters, are here to be found in excellent condition. Nor should the suit which was worn by Thomele, the dwarf of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, be forgotten. It is placed on a figure of the same size as the dwarf, which is elevated on a pedestal, holding a sword in the left hand. It is said that the little creature was more than once served up to a large company in a dish covered with a piecrust. The crust being removed, there he was,

much to the astonishment of the guests, seated at a table of his own, well replenished with all sorts of good things. Some few years since, a gentleman, who took a great fancy to Thomele, presented him with a drinking-cup, which is almost as large as himself.

The painted windows of the chapel of this hall are well executed. In that called Eginhard's chapel, the window represents the crucifixion, with the "beloved disciple" and the Virgin Mother in the lower compartments. In the Bergräbuiss chapel the windows are remarkably beautiful. Eginhard, one of the ancestors of the Erbach family, was son-in-law and secretary of Charlemagne. His coffin, as well as that of his beloved wife Emma, are in the chapel called after him. Besides the hall of the knights, there is a museum in the castle, which we saw the following morning. It contains several antiquities from Pompeii and Rome, amongst which are some curious mosaics, representing men in the act of swimming, and busts of Sylla, Sertorius, Alexander the Great, Germanicus, Trajan, and Agrippina. In another

chamber we were shewn two or three Egyptian mummies, a small collection of objects of natural history, and some old swords. At the time of our visit the Countess de Salis was at the castle, upon a visit to the mother of Count Erbach, who has a handsome villa at a short distance from the town. The Gasthaus we found a very good one, and the charges were moderate.

We proceeded on our journey towards Wurtzburg, by a road which led through a dense forest of dark pine, beech, and oak, to Amerbach, to which we ascended by a road cut in the declivities of a steep hill, and presenting throughout an admirable specimen of engineering. It wound its way through a charming variety of hills and valleys, after quitting the steeps through which it is at first conducted. Near the town our eyes were feasted by a succession of gardens, in which dahlias of every hue seemed to be the great objects of cultivation. We were now in Bavaria, and observed, on either side of the road (as is usual in almost every part of that kingdom), numbers of crosses and small shrines, inviting the devotion of the faithful.

Amerbach detained us but a short time. Soon after leaving it, we again found ourselves penetrating a dark savage forest, in which we looked for the wolf and the wild boar every moment. The temperature of the day was excessively cold, the skies were clouded, and we were occasionally involved in mists, which, after we emerged from the forest, prevented us from seeing the country on either side of the road. It was late when we reached Bischoffshum, a town of two thousand inhabitants: the Gasthaus comfortable, well-served supper, with exquisite white soup (the best my friend said he ever tasted in his life), the whole finished off with incomparable arrack punch, which we took as a preservative against the effects of the extraordinary cold of the day, and, I may add, of the night by which it was followed.

The weather continued unchanged when we resumed our road at seven A.M. the following morning, through a succession of pine forests, until at length, emerging from them, we beheld suddenly upon our left a charming valley, through which meandered the river Main, forming precisely the

figure of a horse-shoe. We immediately came in sight of the numerous spires of Wurtzburg. We drove to the Schwarzer Adler, where we arrived just in time for the *table d'hôte*, one of the best we had met in Germany. We had some excellent Stein wine, which the traveller in these regions should never fail to ask for. It is by far the most agreeable of the Franconian productions of the grape.

It being Sunday, I attended vespers at the beautiful Gothic church, near our hotel, situated in the market square. Besides being the sabbath, it was a festival day, observed at Wurtzburg with all the pomp of the Catholic church. Just as I entered, I was preceded by six young ladies arrayed in snow-white muslin gowns, their temples bound with weaths of green leaves, and in their hair white roses arranged in a very becoming manner. After psalms were chanted, the rosary was recited aloud by the whole of the congregation (a very crowded one) with the most edifying devotion. A procession was then formed, consisting of a number of boys dressed in surplices, the foremost

of whom bore flying banners. They were followed by four of the young ladies already mentioned, bearing on their shoulders a small platform surmounted by a figure of the Blessed Virgin. They held in their hands lighted tapers, around which were woven wreaths of flowers, like the thyrsis of ancient times. The six relieved each other in turn. Two boys, bearing golden censers filled with smoking frankincense, with which they fumed the air, walked with their faces turned towards the priest, who moved onwards under a splendid canopy, presenting for the adoration of the people the Holy Sacrament. A number of holy men, belonging to a confraternity, all bearing lighted tapers, filled up the line of the procession, which, after walking down the nave of the church, entered the square in front, and marched all round it, the bells ringing in every direction.

As the procession passed by the guard-house in the square, the soldiers, who had been previously drawn up for the purpose, fell upon the right knee, and the left hand being raised to the helmet,

presented arms with the right, their colours flying and drums beating. The benediction was given in the usual form upon the return of the procession to the church.

While standing in the square, waiting for the conclusion of this imposing solemnity, I met a highly valued friend of mine, Mr. J. Robertson, one of the most able German scholars whom I know, who has proved his abilities by an admirable translation of Schlegel's Lectures on the Philosophy of History, as well as by several eloquent essays upon German literature. After a separation of some years, it was delightful thus to meet by chance, in a foreign land, a person in whose good fortune and happiness I have, since first I knew him, felt a deep interest. He engaged us to go and see him in the evening, that he might present us to his widowed sister and her family, who had been for some time residents at Wurtzburg, and to whose welfare he devotes the greater part of his time. We found them lodged in one of those old roomy and stately houses which abound in Wurtzburg, and indicate the former importance



of this city, when it was the capital of an ecclesiastical principality, under the dominion of bishops, who were also princes of the empire. Our evening passed away in the most agreeable manner.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Library of Wurtzburg. St. Kilian. His Martyrdom. His Relics. Palimpsests. Splendid Palace. Its Apartments. The Ball-Room. The King of Bavaria. His Taste. The Bed-chambers. The Citadel. Effects of Episcopal Government. Wines of Wurtzburg. Public Gardens. Society of Wurtzburg. Its wealthy Burghers. Cure for inflamed Eyes. Count de Robiano. Packet for the King of Bavaria.

MR. ROBERTSON took us the next day to see the public library, and procured for us the sight of several curious and interesting manuscripts, amongst which was one especially worthy of our notice—a copy of the New Testament brought over from Ireland by St. Kilian, also called St. Kevin, an Irish monk of noble Scottish extraction. He travelled to Rome in 686, attended by two zealous companions, and obtained from the Pope (Conon) a commission to preach the Gospel to the German

idolaters of Franconia. His exertions were crowned with marvellous success. He baptized great numbers at Wurtzburg, from the waters of a well, which has obtained great celebrity throughout all that country. Amongst the most distinguished of his proselytes was the Duke Gosbert, who had married Geilana, the relict of his own brother. The holy missionary represented to him the incompatibility of this marriage with the laws of the Church, and obtained from him a resolution to dismiss her. Geilana was greatly enraged at this resolution, and while the duke was absent upon a military expedition, she sent assassins, who murdered not only Kilian but his two associates, in 688. His relics were translated to the cathedral, subsequently built upon the spot where he had suffered martyrdom. A portion of them, however, was preserved in a rich shrine in the treasury of the Elector of Brunswic-Lunenbourg.

We were also shewn one of the tracts of St. Augustin, and the rent-book of one of the old monastic establishments of this place, upon vellum, which contained beneath some more ancient writ-

ings. Besides these, there were in the same case from which they were taken, several other Palimpsests, which might perhaps repay the trouble of examination. A valuable collection of the works printed amongst the earliest productions of Guttenberg's press may also be seen in this depository.

The present King of Bavaria very seldom visits Wurtzburg, although his palace, or residence there, as it is more usually called, is by far the most magnificent structure of that kind in his dominions. It has been designated, but I think with little reason, as a German Versailles, for both externally and internally it exhibits infinitely more taste and real splendour than that very quaint and pedantic edifice. We went to see this residence, accompanied by our friend; but when I was informed that it comprehended no fewer than two hundred and eighty-four apartments, I requested that we should be conducted only through those particularly worth attention. It was built by two bishops within the years intervening between 1720 and 1740. The staircase is perhaps the finest work of the kind in Europe. Its style, ornaments, and

general plan are truly princely in their character. The suite of *salons*, including the throne-room, the hall of audience for ambassadors, the receiving rooms for those of both sexes who were in the habit of attending court upon state days, the banquet-room, and above all the ball-room, are of a most sumptuous description. The latter, when lighted up and filled with a gay company, might vie with any chamber of that class to be found upon the continent. The walls, and even the ceiling, are covered with mirrors, to which many architectural critics object; but if it had been the desire, as it seems to have been, of the designer to realize one of those captivating pictures of splendour said to have been capable of being created by the spells of Aladin's lamp, he certainly has succeeded.

When royalty chooses to hold its state, I confess I like to see it surrounded by magnificence in all its pride—nay, gorgeousness, if you will. The present king of Bavaria, sumptuous though he be in the erection and decoration of buildings for the conservation of objects connected with the fine arts, as well as for the convenience of his subjects and the embellishment of his kingdom, would probably

prefer for his own usual residence his cottage at Bruckenau to his palace at Wurtzburg; that is to say, he prefers the beauties of nature to those with which the most refined ability of the architect can furnish him. Nor can it be doubted that this is one amongst the many proofs of sound taste already given by this prince to the world. Nevertheless, I am not one of those who would discourage the occasional displays of royal establishments in halls and vast saloons worthy of majesty. Nor does this feeling in the least diminish the interest with which I can see the same man to-day surrounded by all the pomp and pageantry of the throne, to-morrow enjoying his private retired and modest home, with the ease and happiness of a country gentleman.

I must own I cannot agree with other travellers, who have represented the palace at Wurtzburg as a faded gewgaw not worth seeing. It is not a gewgaw, nor is it faded, except as to some few of the ornaments, which might be restored at a slight expense. The bedchambers for the royal family, and the boudoirs and other apartments connected with them, may be described as the very temples of repose.

Silence seems to sway her sceptre throughout the whole of this division of the palace. We did not see the chapel, the person in possession of the key happening to be at the time of our visit in the country.

Our amiable friend did not neglect to take us to the citadel, on the left bank of the Maine, from the summit of which we beheld the city and its environs to the greatest advantage. When one recollects that this capital and its dependencies had been for more than a thousand years under the rule of episcopal princes, one is not surprised to see the number of churches, towers, and spires, and ruins of convents, visible from this elevated frontier. Eighty-eight bishops succeeded each other, with scarcely any interruption, in the government of this principality. Not having families to provide for, they devoted the greater part of their revenues to the erection of temples and the foundation of schools and hospitals. The Maine, winding along in its serpentine course, forms a most attractive feature in the landscape. The eye is next directed to the picturesque hill upon which the Stein wine is grown. Excellent wines are also produced from

the acclivities of the hill upon which the citadel itself stands. These pass under the general denomination of the Leiste, and are reputed to be second only to the Stein amongst those of Franconia.

There are spacious and well laid out public gardens in the immediate vicinity of Wurtzburg, in which a band plays on fine evenings, and which are much frequented on such occasions. We took a walk to see them, but a shower of heavy rain occurring just as we entered the gate, soon made us desist from any farther progress. But we found ample compensation for our disappointment in the drawing-room of our friend's sister, and in the musical accomplishments of her daughters. They informed us that in winter the society of Wurtzburg is very agreeable, consisting chiefly of the capitular families.

The greater number of the streets in Wurtzburg are narrow, the houses with high pointed gables, and overhanging in the old German fashion. The town appeared rather dull and gloomy, without much appearance of commerce of any kind; nevertheless it is certain that Wurtzburg is the re-



sidence of many wealthy burghers, most of whom have made their fortunes by their transactions in the Franconian wine trade. Its situation on the Maine is indeed beautiful, when looked at from the citadel, or from the hills in the environs: it contains 25,000 inhabitants.

In journeying through several of the towns of Germany, in which the houses, as well as the roads, present a very white appearance, from the natural colour of the stone of which they are composed, I suffered a good deal from the effect they produced upon my eyes, especially when glaring in the full light of the sun. A very religious friend of mine assured me that I should find an infallible remedy for this uncomfortable malady, the internal parts of the lids being much inflamed, if I were to bathe my eyes in the waters of St. Kilian's well, which is in the crypt under the cathedral. We proceeded to the church accordingly, the four towers of which are particularly worthy of admiration. The interior is filled with monuments of the prince bishops, who ruled formerly over this country. There are none of them particularly worthy of notice.

Descending to the crypt, which we found dark and extremely cold, our attendant drew up from the well a bucket of water, which, as a beverage, is delicious. Following the prescription of my fair doctress, I rinsed my eyes thoroughly in the freezing element, and obtained instant relief; which, however, passed off as soon as I returned to the light of day. Had my stay in Wurtzburg been prolonged, so as to enable me to use these waters more frequently, I doubt not that they would have accomplished my object, and so have justified the praise bestowed upon them. Before parting with my kind friend, she was so good as to present me with a small phial, containing a small portion of the oil which, she stated, was constantly dropping into a small hollow in the earth, from the tomb of a saint in the neighbourhood. It would render material assistance, she said, in mitigating the pain I suffered. These little acts of kindness from persons whom we had never seen before, and may perchance never see again, deserve to be recorded for their own sake. But I have mentioned the malady in question also with another view, to

which I shall hereafter draw the attention of the reader.

When we were at Brussels, my friend, the Count de Robiano, confided to my care a copy of one of his very learned works, which he requested me to get presented by the British minister at Munich to the King of Bavaria, together with a letter addressed by him to his majesty. I took charge of the packet with a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Robertson having, however, informed me that the king was now, according to his annual custom, at the spa of Bruckenuau, not far from Wurtzburg, we resolved to proceed thither, as well to visit the spa, which enjoys one of the most delightful situations in all Germany, as to have the honour of delivering with my own hand to the king the volume and letter with which I had been intrusted.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Departure for Bruckenaau. Road thither. General Lodging-House. Scarcity of Apartments. The Kursaal. Splendour of the Building. The Tribune. The Orchestra. Excellent Table d'Hôte. Internal Ornaments of the Kursaal. The principal Bath-House. Amusements in the Kursaal. Mirth of the Company. Different Games. Presence of the King. His active share in the Sports. His affable Demeanour. Prints of the Royal Family. Capital mode of Exercise. Grecian Beauty of the Kursaal. Temples of Health.

HAVING made our arrangements with the same voiturier who had driven us to Wurtzburg, we set out in the afternoon upon our journey; the weather was still cold and misty, and we were glad, upon our arrival at Hammelburg, just as the night was setting in with heavy rain, to take up our quarters at the hotel of the "Poste," the landlord of which we found very civil, and the beds tolerable. We proceeded, still with unfavourable weather, the

next morning to the village of Bruckenuau by a very hilly road, which passes between the Kreuzberg, said to be more than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the Dreitzelberg, not quite so elevated. From the occasional glimpses we had of the country, when the rain ceased for a while, and the mists partially cleared away, we were enabled to observe that we were travelling through a charming country ; but we saw it imperfectly, and to very short distances on either side of the way.

Although the "Poste" at the village bears a very high character for the accommodation it affords, yet nobody who contemplates a sojourn at the spa, which is nearly three miles from it in a south-westerly direction, thinks of stopping there. We went on at once to our destination, and alighted at a large building erected by the king, and fitted out entirely with lodging-rooms for the use of visitors. This establishment is under the management of a secretary, who, upon the arrival of a stranger, presents him with a list containing the numbers of the apartments then vacant, and also the tariff of the charges for their occupation. Our choice was extremely limited, as nearly all the

rooms were engaged, with the exception of two or three on the ground-floor, a situation to which I have a very great objection. Fortunately I met our Frankfort friend, Mr. Koch, at the foot of the staircase; he was just preparing for returning home, and so without more ceremony he kindly added, "Here is the key of my apartment up-stairs, go you and take possession of it, otherwise you will find it very difficult to procure good accommodation, for the king being here, the place is crowded." I was most happy to accept his offer, and made good my possession.

We had scarcely time to change our travelling attire when the bell announced that dinner was served at the general table for the visitors, which was arranged at the upper end of the Kursaal, a new and most magnificent structure raised by direction of the king, and planned chiefly, I believe, by his unrivalled taste in every thing connected with the fine arts. It is a spacious square building, presenting externally a superb colonnade, and towards the principal spa walk a most noble portico. There is a tribune fitted up for the royal family over the great entrance, to which drawing-rooms and other

apartments are adjoined. Opposite to this tribune is the orchestra, with which also several apartments are connected, fitted up as card-rooms. But I was informed that his majesty had strictly forbidden all games of hazard here. I heard certainly of no gambling going on, either privately or publicly, while we were at the spa. The dinner-tables were arranged under the orchestra, and were so crowded when we went in, that it was with difficulty we could find places. Like all German *tables d'hôte*, loud talk, hearty laughter, and, if possible, more hearty eating and drinking, were the order of the hour, and what was still better, the whole company seemed to constitute one family. We were at once received by those near us in the most cordial manner. I need hardly add that the dinner and all its accompaniments of wines and fruits were of the best description, and that the charges were moderate, as every thing in the way of expense here is regulated by tariff.

When I had more time, after dinner, to examine the internal parts of the Kursaal, I could not but admire its spaciousness, its true classic character,

its grand flights of stairs leading to the upper parts of the building, its floor tessellated by marbles of various hues, its Corinthian columns, and its five glass lustres depending from the beautifully frescoed *plafond*, which, when they are all lighted on gala nights, must indeed give to this saloon a brightness little short of that of the sun itself.

Opposite to the building in which we had our rooms, there is another splendid structure, well harmonizing in its external appearance with the Kursaal, not far from which it stands. It contains a considerable number of apartments upon a somewhat larger scale than ours, and of course more expensive, being destined especially for the use of private families. The lower parts of this building are occupied entirely with baths—a very great convenience to invalids, who can thus avail themselves of the waters without being exposed to the changes in the atmosphere.

As the rain (which had been pouring down in torrents all the morning) still continued to fall, and precluded us from any chance of out-door exercise, I returned to the Kursaal, where I found



a great number of visitors assembled, and engaged in dancing the Polonese. This was followed by a game, in which the whole company formed a circle, the ladies and gentlemen of course alternately placed, and each sustaining a cord which passed all round. A gentleman or lady ran constantly about inside the circle, his or her object being to strike the cord from the hands of any person holding it carelessly. If the attempt were successful, then the party thus losing the cord was obliged to forfeit his or her place to the assailant, and to go through a similar trial until a similar result was obtained. This sport gave rise to infinite fun and uproar, conducted, however, with all the requisite forms of politeness.

The next game was of this description: the ladies and gentlemen were all drawn up in two lines, as if they were going to dance the gallopade. The partners at the rear of all then ran quickly forward to take their places at the top of the line, while the gentleman immediately before them in the rear rank ran after the lady, with a view to catch the fair fugitive, and make

her his prize. If he succeeded, her original swain was obliged to return to the rear, and make an attempt with the "forlorn one" to gain the top, he being subject to a similar rivalry. It was pleasant to mark the coquettish schemes by which ladies who did not like to lose their original partners contrived, by short turns or wide runs, to elude the breathless rivals of the latter, and to recover the hand which they wished to retain.

While I was engaged in enjoying these merry sports, a benevolent-looking elderly German, who spoke a little English, placed himself beside me upon the bench where I was sitting, and entered into conversation with me, beginning with the usual question—how long I had been at the spa? I answered, that I had arrived only that day, and added, that from what I had already seen of the place, I thought it the most amusing one of the kind I had ever visited. I then asked whether the king often came to his tribune to witness the amusements. "There is the king," he replied, pointing to one of the most active runners in the scene actually going on before me! "What!"

said I, "do you mean to say that that gentleman dressed in the dark olive frock-coat and nankeen trousers, now flying after his partner, is the king?" "The same," he answered, apparently amused that I should have found so much difficulty in believing his assertion. I own I was surprised, not so much, perhaps, at his majesty thus appearing so familiarly amongst his subjects; for that I was fully prepared by all I had previously heard and read of his condescension and affability; but what really did astonish me was his wonderful activity at his age. I have no doubt that if he had proposed to race against the youngest man in the room, he would have distanced him.

The presence of the king, of course, doubled the interest I had already experienced in witnessing the amusements of the evening, all of which he himself conducted with as much kindness as if he had been enjoying relaxation with his own numerous and lively family. By the bye, I should have experienced no difficulty in recognizing his majesty, if, before I had arrived at Bruckenuau,

I had seen the lithograph prints of the royal family which I subsequently purchased at Munich. In one of these the whole royal group is assembled—the king, queen, crown prince, Otho I. of Greece, and the younger sons and daughters; in the other, the scene of Otho resigned by his father to the Greek deputies, as their future sovereign, is represented. Both of these prints are capitally executed, and the portraits of the king and of Otho, whom I had previously seen in Greece, are perfect likenesses.

The final game of the evening was as follows: the whole party formed into one line, each person holding the hand of the one next to him. The king led the long line, and after walking up the whole length of the saloon, ascended the staircase of the orchestra, and occupied the front for a while, looking down upon the non-active portion of the company below. They then returned in the same order, a loud laugh being raised at the expense of any person who, by losing his hold, broke any of the links of the chain. The purpose of these games was, I need scarcely observe, to

supply by in-door exercise the want of that which the inclemency of the weather had rendered it impossible for the company to enjoy in the open air. Thus the Kursaal constitutes an essential instrument in promoting and preserving the health of the visitors.

During an interval between these amusements, I went out to view the beautiful colonnade by which the Kursaal is ornamented on all sides, except that of the portico. It adds greatly to the splendid appearance of this structure, which, by its style, and the boldness of the conception that gave it birth, seems to belong rather to Greece, in its golden age of genius and art, than to modern minds or times. Indeed, I do not remember to have seen in that country the remains of any edifice, the Parthenon alone excepted, at all approaching the scale upon which the Kursaal has been raised. In other respects, looking especially to its situation and object, it recalled to my remembrance the ruins of those temples of health, usually dedicated to *Æsculapius*, which I found in the neighbourhood of the ancient baths, remote

from cities and towns. I visited the fragments of such a temple on my way to Epidaurus. The Kursaal is seated in a valley, near the margin of a dense forest, that climbs behind it towards the summit of the Pfundsberg, which lifts on high its head, hooded, as I then beheld it, in clouds.

## CHAPTER XIX.

A frightened Bible Distributor. The King's Chamberlain. Arrangements for a Royal Audience. The Baron de Tann. Memoirs of Ferdinand VII. My connection with them. Prohibited in Bavaria. Court-Dress. The King's Residence. Waiting-Room. Audience-Room. The Audience. Bavarian Deputation. His Majesty's gracious Demeanour. His Conversation. Situation of Bruckenuau. Its Environs. Its Scenes of Solitude. Brooks and Shades. Mystic Breezes. A Bank of Violets. *Dolce far Niente*. Primitive Peasantry.

As I was returning to the scene of gaiety, I observed a person clothed in black, who subsequently turned out to be one of the English missionaries, deputed to aid in the distribution of the Bible, peeping in at one of the windows. I addressed him and said that he might enter the saloon if he pleased, and witness the amusements which were going on. I added that the king was there.

"The king!" he exclaimed—"impossible!"

I repeated my assurance.

“Why” said he, “in England, persons such as I am would not be allowed to go within a mile of our sovereign!”

“Nevertheless, you can go in if you like it, and remain as long as you wish, without interruption.”

“But the ladies and gentlemen seem all to belong to his majesty’s court. I could not think of such a thing.”

I saw there was no use in trying to dissuade him from his ridiculous notions; he went on from window to window, still peeping in timidly, with his hands behind his back under the skirts of his coat, treading stealthily and lightly, as if he were afraid that his footsteps might be heard, and bring the police upon him!

As soon as the company was beginning to disperse, having previously made due inquiries as to my course of proceeding, I presented myself to the Baron Hunottstein, one of the king’s chamberlains then on duty, and mentioned to him that I had a small packet for the king. The baron, who spoke English extremely well, received me in the hand-



somest manner, took down my name and the number of my apartment, and added, that he would lose no time in acquainting his majesty with my communication; that he had no doubt the king would see me when next he gave audience, and that he (the baron) would be most happy to render me any service that might be in his power during my sojourn at Bruckenaui. I asked him permission also to give him the name of my young friend, who was travelling with me, which he immediately wrote down.

A few minutes after, the Baron de Tann, a Bavarian nobleman of large fortune, and a great favourite of the king, came and sat by me. He had been much in England, appeared to be about fifty years of age, and a perfect man of the world. He said he had just seen my name in the hands of the chamberlain, and asked me whether I was not the author of the "Memoirs of Ferdinand VII. of Spain." I said in answer, as was the fact, that I was not the author, but that I had translated the work in question from the manuscript copy of a Spanish advocate, a particular friend of mine, whom I had known at

Madrid, but who, upon the subversion of the constitution of 1820-21, was obliged to take refuge in England. He was there in very indigent circumstances, and I translated his production to enable him to procure a fund sufficient to defray his passage to South America, whither he wished to go. The publication having fully answered his object in that respect, he repaired to Buenos Ayres, where he was then pursuing his profession. As to the correctness of the view given in those Memoirs of the character of Ferdinand, I could only observe, that it was in every respect conformable with all that I had heard of that sovereign during my sojourn in Spain, from persons whom I had reason to consider well acquainted with his actions and his habits ; nor had I ever seen or heard of any publication which contradicted or even questioned a single statement contained in the work, although it met with a considerable circulation upon the continent, through the medium of a French version which was published in Paris. I found it necessary, or at least I deemed it expedient, to enter into this explanation, because I was aware that these Me-

moirs were set down in the index of forbidden books in the absolute states of the continent.

The baron then changed the conversation, and was so good as to make a flattering allusion to my publication on the "Danube," which he said he had in his library. He added that he was very fond of our literature, and had a considerable collection of the productions of most of our best authors.

The following morning a king's messenger waited upon us to announce that his majesty would see us at twelve o'clock on that day ; and that we were to appear in black coat, waistcoat, and trousers, white cravat, and gloves. The cravat we easily procured at a milliner's shop hard by, and at the appointed hour we walked to the king's residence, a very modest cottage-like building, situated upon a terrace at the end of the promenade which forms one of the ornaments of the spa. The edifice is of considerable length ; it contains apartments for the queen and the whole of the royal family. There are in front several parterres of flowers, which are neatly arranged, without the slightest approach to

any thing not bearing the character of entire simplicity.

We were shewn into a small room, the furniture of which was in perfect keeping with all that we had yet observed. Some eight or ten other persons were already waiting for an audience. In a few minutes we were summoned to the presence of the king, whom we found plainly dressed in brown coat, in a room smaller and even less pretending than the one we had just left. We formed a semicircle, which his majesty went round hastily at first, and I then took the opportunity of presenting him with the packet which had been confided to my care. He bowed graciously and placed it on a side table. He then returned to the head of the semicircle, and entered at some length into conversation with two or three gentlemen (Bavarians,) who appeared to be a deputation, upon some matter in which they had a common interest. The king heard their statements with the utmost attention, and asked them many questions with a view to make himself master of the whole subject. He talked also in the most frank

and easy manner with the other persons who were above us, with some in French, with others in German. He changed his language to English when he again came to us. I was surprised at the facility and purity of accent with which he spoke. He said he was aware that I had travelled a good deal. I observed that I had had the honour of being presented to his son, the King of Greece, at Napoli di Romania, that I had also visited Munich, which was so much indebted to his majesty, and that I hoped soon to see it again. "I think," he said, "you will find it still further improved." He then passed on to Mr. Bellew, asked him whether this was his first tour upon the continent, and expressed his hope that he should return home pleased with his excursion. Having completed his circuit, his majesty then bowed to us all, and we quitted the room, much delighted by our reception.

The day being the finest we had had for some time, I proceeded, after dinner, to survey the country around us. Several of the baths are situated in a valley, through which the river Sinn gracefully wanders, and at the western extremity

of the Rhongebirge chain of mountains. The highest of these is that which rises behind the king's residence: it is called the Harthberg. Upon its summit is seen the celebrated monastery of Voelkersberg, belonging to the order of St. Francis, a favourite excursion of the visitors when the weather is propitious. Opposite to this mountain rises the Sinnberg, through forests of lofty beech trees. The river springs from a fountain about four miles distant from the valley, and after a short course joins the Maine.

On the heights all round are several handsome villas, which may be hired for the season. The views from these habitations upon the valley of the Sinn are enchanting. Many retired walks are formed through the adjoining woods, and often lead along the margins of small streams which, emerging from the "forests deep," hasten onward in their garrulous course to mingle with the Sinn.

I could not for a while withdraw from some sweet scenes of solitude upon which I had alighted in the course of my excursion. My walk at first

conducted me, beneath the shade of poplars, by a limpid brook, which fed a small pond containing fish for the supply of the king's table. Immediately on my right was a meadow, and beyond it a dense wood rising to the sky. A bell from the chapel in the valley sounded for the *Angelus*. On my left stretched a bank of vari-coloured poppies interspersed with marigold, upon the edge of a pasturage field, in which cows were ruminating beneath the spreading branches of the elm—*Omne pecus sub ulmo est*—indicating the sultriness of the hour.

Through the foliage I now and then caught glimpses upon the distant declivities of corn-fields, in several of which reapers were busy. A breeze occasionally swept down from the hill sides, starting the sleeping branches of the trees, and passing away in voices that seemed to belong to some other world. Do such notes come to warn or console us? Softer were the songs of the rills that rippled through the green grass hard by. More pleasant it was to behold the colours of sun and cloud chasing each other along the tops of the

forests, dark to the root, but above a waving field for the play of all the heavenly lights.

Moving lazily onward, I sat down upon a bank of blue-bells and violets, through which crept the convolvulus, shewing its many azure and snow-white chalices. The honeysuckle was here, and varieties of open-leaved flowers full of farina, crowded with bees intent upon their labours for procuring the materials of their cells. Butterflies in pairs were everywhere enjoying their too brief honeymoons. I gave myself entirely up to the *dolce far niente*, "poring o'er the brook that babbled by." Though dark clouds, by intercepting the rays of the sun, caused occasionally a chillness in the air, yet the moment they disappeared the genial heat returned, and brought with it a delicious air, impregnated with the fragrance of new-mown hay. Peasants walked by attired in the primitive three-cornered hat, leather smallclothes, and blue stockings. They were accompanied by women with their long wicker baskets on their backs, filled with their marketings of the day. The younger damsels in their train wore a white



handkerchief on the head, plaided gowns, yellow shawls, and blue stockings, bearing on their arms baskets covered over with white towels. On the right a torrent was foaming down through the rocks. I could discern it like a silver thread on its first issuing from the summit of the mountain

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## CHAPTER XX.

The King's Pic-nic Party. Waggon Passengers. Their comfortable Condition. The Sinnberg. The Pic-nic Table. Affability of the King. Views from the Sinnberg. Return to Bruckenuau. Scene on the Promenade. Personal Habits of the King. His Attention to Business. His Poetry. Difficulty of translating German Verse. The King's Sonnet to the Queen. Waters of Bruckenuau. Highly praised by Dr. Granville. My Note to Baron de Tann. Captain Bishop.

JUST as I returned to my chamber, a message came from the king inviting me to a pic-nic party which his majesty proposed to give the same afternoon. A similar communication was made to Mr. Bellew. Having been informed that our dress was to be the same as when we had audience of his majesty, we lost no time in making our preparations. A similar entertainment was given a fortnight before, and the visitors whom it was not

then possible to provide with vehicles were summoned on the present occasion.

At the appointed hour (half-past four) all the carriages which the king had with him at Bruckenaau were driven to the middle of the promenade, the coachmen and footmen in their state liveries, and the horses in their gay caparisons. Soon after, a long rustic waggon, without any springs, with benches arranged along its sides, made its appearance. The king immediately came, and ascending the waggon by a small step ladder, he took his seat at the top of the vehicle: he was followed by the Baron de Tann, his two chamberlains, *viz.* the Baron Hunottstein and the Count Pappenheim, and some other gentlemen of his suite. A whole bevy of ladies next climbed the ladder, amidst an abundance of laughter, and for want of better accommodation, Mr. Bellew and a few other of the younger esquires were obliged to sit upon the edges of the waggon, and get on as well as they could.

I had the honour of being invited by the director of the ceremonies to take my seat in one

of the royal carriages, by the side of the lady of Captain Bishop, a friend of mine, whom I had met at Bruckenau. All things having been arranged, off we set, the waggon, heavily laden, leading the way towards the summit of the Sinnberg, by a road which soon became rough enough to make the sitters on the edges of the waggon feel themselves placed not in the most comfortable positions in the world; the sudden jerks, against which they found it difficult to contend, threatening to eject them every moment, caused great amusement amongst the ladies, who administered to them much sage but ineffectual advice upon the occasion.

At length we arrived, without accident, at a sheltered spot near the pinnacle of the mountain, where we found tables arranged, well furnished with every species of confectionery, hot mulled wine, lemonade, and ices. The warmed wine was by no means unacceptable to many of us, as, although the sun shone out through an unclouded sky, there was a cold chill in the mountain air, against which our court dress, such as it was,

prevented us from providing by the addition of cloaks. Nothing could exceed the affability of the king to all his guests ; he sat at the head of the principal table, and had some kind word to say to everybody near him. Of course, he had all the ladies under his particular care : for those of his guests who were not within reach of his voice he had now and then some gracious and hospitable message. His chamberlains conducted the gentlemen to the summit of the mountain, and pointed out the beauties of the scenery all round. The picture was truly a most splendid one, embracing views of vast forests, tops of numberless mountains, ruins of churches, convents, and castles, charming valleys and sylvan uplands, the winding Sinn below, thousands of cascades rushing towards it, and villages with their spires shining out in the light of the declining sun.

Having remained upwards of two hours enjoying the good things set before us, and the grandeur of the scenery which our commanding position enabled us to behold, we set out upon our return, the wagon passengers, including his majesty, descending

on foot, while those whose better luck had assigned them places in the royal carriages resumed their previous seats. Upon our re-union in the midst of the promenade, we all surrounded the king, when one of the oldest frequenters of the spa expressed to his majesty our very cordial thanks for this gracious token of his hospitality, and our prayer that he might still long continue to be, as he long had been, the beloved father of his people. His majesty, taking off his hat, bowed his thanks, and walked on, accompanied by his suite, to his cottage-palace. Assuredly a monarch who finds his best delight in thus mingling with his subjects, every day winning more and more of their affection, must be animated by an ambition infinitely preferable to that which stimulates other possessors of thrones to increase their dominions by foreign conquests, reckless of all the blood they shed and the treasure they squander, in order to attain their object.

It is unnecessary for me to observe that in his personal expenditure, as well as in that of his family and court, there is not a more frugal sovereign in Europe than Louis of Bavaria. He is frugal, not

with a view to hoard up money in foreign funds, as other crowned heads are known to do, but to accumulate in every form, in his capital, and even in the most remote districts of his kingdom, specimens of the fine arts, executed in the highest style of perfection. His pure classical taste, inspired by a warm and brilliant imagination, forbids him to attempt any work undeserving the approval of the most severe critic and the applause of future ages.

His habits at Bruckenaue are, as I was informed by some of those best acquainted with them, of the most simple kind, touched with a disposition to romance which he has shewn from his youth upwards. He rises early, walks a great deal, always alone, through the woods and mountains around, preferring the margins of the brooks which flow through those charming scenes in great abundance. He often sits down beneath the shade of a tree, or upon a flowery bank, to listen to their music, forgetting altogether, for the time, that he has upon his shoulders the weight of a kingdom. But he has his stated hours for business, to which he re-

gularly attends : he had with him at Bruckenaue his celebrated minister, M. Abell, and a member of his council of state, M. Schilcher, together with several secretaries, who were said to be constantly employed.

As a husband and the father of a family, Louis is a model for sovereigns. Neither the queen, nor any of their children were with him upon this occasion. It is very well known that his majesty has published several volumes of poetry, chiefly containing his meditations upon the scenes he had visited, and the objects of art which he admired in Greece and Italy. But amongst his effusions are found many admirable thoughts upon the philosophy of life, which speak a high and gifted mind, deeply imbued with a sense of religion, and a true feeling as to the vanity of all human enjoyments.

A translation has been made of these compositions into English verse, but it is the work of an inferior hand, and altogether fails to give a just notion of the poetic power that pervades the original. Indeed, nothing can be more difficult than for an English-



man to produce any thing like an adequate version of German poetry. The idiom of the language offers many obstacles, but the idealism, the turn of thought, the sort of perfection aimed at by a German poet, present still more. Several poems, highly popular in Germany, have been translated into our language, but they have obtained in that dress no admiration ; it is only our German scholars who have been able to appreciate them.

A sonnet, addressed by Louis to his queen, has, however, been tolerably rendered by the translator. I quote it as a specimen rather of the poetry of the heart than of the imagination :—

“Thou art an angel, ever fair and kind,  
Thy being is as mild as summer skies :  
In thee both truth and constancy arise,  
Each grace and virtue pictured in thy mind.  
Around thy heart repentance cannot wind,  
For every vice that holy dwelling flies :  
There innocence resides that knows not sighs,  
And goodness to thy gentle care consigned.

Like the soft flowing of a placid stream,  
Which moves through flowery and through fertile fields,  
Where fairest charms of spring-tide brightly gleam,  
Are all the hours which thy soft presence yields;  
With peace of soul and mildness do they teem,  
And heaven each action pure and brightly gilds."

The excellent qualities of the waters of Bruck-enau were originally discovered by the abbots of Fulda, to the diocese of which city the spa belonged, until, by the arrangements made in 1816, it became a part of the dominions of Bavaria. The reader will find in Dr. Granville's work a very favourable account of the springs of this place. There is hardly any complaint upon which, according to his authority, they do not exercise a salutary influence. He notices a remarkable source of fresh water, so very pure that chemists who have analyzed it have pronounced it identical with distilled water, and have used it as such. The doctor especially extols the Bruck-enauer, "the peculiar effects of which," he says, "are in a high degree exciting, warming, astringent, and strengthening. It increases and quickens the circulation of the blood and lym-

phatic system, and improves and especially augments the red particles of the blood, giving colour to the most blanched cheeks. On the other hand, although it imparts tone to the whole body, it quiets first, and lastly arrests, every symptom of irregular mobility of the nervous system."

On the day fixed upon for our departure, there was to have been a boar hunt in the neighbouring forest, to which we were invited ; but as the day turned out most unfavourably, we proceeded on our journey to Kissingen, I having previously addressed to the Baron de Tann a note, of which the following is a copy :—

"Bruckenuau, 6th August, 1841.

"SIR,—You would exceedingly oblige Mr. Bellew and myself, if, at some convenient opportunity, you would do us the favour to mention to the king the feelings of profound gratitude with which we have been inspired by the most gracious reception which his majesty condescended to accord to us yesterday. His majesty's affa-

bility and kindness upon that occasion have left an impression upon our minds, which we shall warmly cherish to the latest moment of our existence.

“ I have the honour to be, &c. &c.”

Captain Bishop had informed us that all the hotels, and even the Kurhaus, at Kissingen were quite full; and he, therefore, very kindly lent us his own rooms, which he kept engaged during his excursion to Bruckenuau. It pained me to observe that neither the waters of Kissingen or Bruckenuau had produced the slightest effect upon a malady with which he had been for some time afflicted, causing almost incessant pain in the head. He was passionately fond of fishing, and having seen him more than once above his knees in the marshes of the Sinn, pursuing his irresistible amusement, I strenuously remonstrated with him, entertaining no doubt that if he wished to prolong his complaint, he could take no more effectual step for his purpose than that of wading through those cold morasses. But my entreaties were unavailable.

I again met him at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in the February of the following year, on his way to London, where he very speedily died, leaving behind him one of the most affectionate and amiable wives whom it has been my good fortune to know.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Kissingen. Its Promenade. The Kurhaus. Gambling. The Queen of Wurtemberg. A Concert. A conceited Performer. Great repute of the Waters. Consumption by the Peasantry. Gaiety of the Promenade. Gaseous Springs. The Saline Fountain. Its intermittent character. Wall of Fagots. Gas from the Spring. Density of the Gas. Its efficacy as a Cure for Sore Eyes. Dr. Granville's account of this Spring. Its Artesian Depth. Its supply of Brine. Theory of its Intermittance.

KISSINGEN is, as to gaiety and fashion, quite the reverse of Bruckenaui. It is understood to be the king's wish to keep the latter place as quiet as possible, and to limit to the present accommodations the number of its visitors. Indeed, any further augmentation of them, and above all, any course of public amusements, such as are to be met with at Baden Baden, Weisbaden, and elsewhere, would be altogether out of character at Bruckenaui, the

prevailing features of which are solitude and repose.

But upon Kissingen his majesty has been lavish of ornament of every kind. A splendid promenade, which runs in front of the principal buildings from one end of a long street to the other, produces a most imposing effect. The Kurhaus, which affords apartments to a great number of visitors, is a very plain edifice; but it is to be replaced by one of a more stylish appearance. The building in which concerts and assemblies are carried on is magnificent. I am sorry to add that gambling is here openly allowed, and that the tables are too well attended during the portions of the day not devoted to the *table d'hôte*.

Kissingen was, not many years ago, an insignificant village, but has already grown up into an important town, by reason of the valuable mineral and saline springs which have been discovered both in the town itself and its environs. It has not been as yet much frequented by the English. Its principal visitors are Russians and Germans. The Queen of Wurtemberg happened to be there dur-

ing our short sojourn. When she appeared on the promenade, with the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, the central walk was by a tacit convention surrendered entirely to her use. Her presence, of course, added much to the ordinary gaiety of the place. Soon after our arrival, seeing a crowd of well-dressed persons wending towards the concert-room, I followed their example, but was very moderately repaid for my trouble, the principal part of the exhibition consisting of a series of elaborate displays upon the flute, by a boy of about fourteen years of age, one of the most conceited specimens of precocious performers I have ever beheld. His brazen front and self-complacency were beyond endurance.

Kissingen is in the centre of a valley through which runs the Saale. It is surrounded in the immediate neighbourhood by pleasant meadows, beyond which are corn-fields, and then hills of no great height, whose acclivities are clothed with the vine. It contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and in the season (July and August) is thronged with full two thousand strangers. The



waters of this place enjoy great fame in cases of female infertility—with what justice let medical men relate.

I can certainly attest that I saw great numbers of the country-women seated on the benches of a sunken terrace, in which are situated the two most potent springs, denominated the Pandur and the Rakuezy. It being Sunday, they were all in their gala attire, numbers of them in the Tyrolese costume, with the high-pointed hat, others wearing black caps, with long tails of riband dangling behind. They were incessantly drinking large beakers of these waters; and none of them went away without taking with them additional supplies in stone bottles.

The day turned out remarkably fine soon after twelve o'clock. A large and gay party, including the Prince Hohenlohe and other persons of distinction, attended the Queen of Wurtemberg on the promenade; she was extremely affable to those around her. After taking a turn or two, she stood a few moments at the end of the walk, when a circle was formed and she selected some new person to converse with on resuming her

promenade. Her majesty was accompanied by her daughters, and looked in excellent health. I am happy to be able to apply a similar remark to the great mass of the visitors whom I saw at Kissingen; they seemed full of spirits, and in the enjoyment of many, at least, of the benefits which these springs are celebrated for conferring.

One of the fountains very near the town yields a delicious beverage not unlike the Seltzer water: when first drawn up in the glass, it appears perfectly limpid; but it soon exhibits gas-bubbles upon its surface, which break with a hissing noise. The people all about here use it at dinner, and are unanimous in praise of its refreshing qualities; it is slightly acidulous.

The great "lion" of Kissingen is the singular intermittent saline spring, which is situated within a mile or two of the town; it is certainly a great natural curiosity, and as I have especial reason (through mere accident) to feel thankful to it, I will describe it with some degree of minuteness. Taking one of the vehicles which are all day employed in conveying visitors to and

from the spring, we speedily arrived in sight of a vast wall, raised to a great height, and composed entirely of fagots of wood, pressed between long wooden spars; these fagots were much discoloured with oxide of iron, and many of them were encrusted with a stalactite matter consisting of carbonate of lime; these two results being produced by the trickling through the sprays of the fagots of the saline water that dropped through them from reservoirs at the top, which extended the whole length of the narrow pile.

Before proceeding further in examination of this machinery, we entered the shed in which the fountain is placed; looking down, at first we could only see a well of ordinary size and form, in which no water appeared. We were informed that it had subsided some time, but would now speedily return. Over the well was suspended an inverted funnel, which might be let down by chains to the surface of the waters when they arrived at a certain height, the object of this apparatus being to collect the carbonic acid gas, which preceded the rising waters in great quantities, and to convey it through tubes to a chamber where invalids

afflicted with cutaneous complaints took this bath of the gas, it is said, with great advantage.

Presently an upward rush of the gas indicated the return of the waters, and as they rose, the stratum of gas became so dense, that two or three young medical students, who were standing round the shaft, collected it in their hats, and amused themselves by trying who could keep their faces immersed in their hats the longest. The reader will, perhaps, remember my having stated in a former chapter the suffering I experienced from the inflammation of the interior of my eyelids. Subsequently to my departure from Wurtzburg, the inflammation rather increased than diminished, and the very day I visited this saline spring the pain was particularly severe. Following the example of the students, I also took into my hat a quantity of the gas, and held my face in it as long as I could, with my eyes open. The moment that I removed my hat I no longer felt in my eyelids the slightest symptom of inflammation; all pain was gone; the redness of the parts, the gummy secretions at the corners of the eyes with which it had been accompanied, instantly disap-

peared, and from that moment to this I have never had any return of the complaint. I should not have thought of mentioning a circumstance so entirely personal, had I not conceived that I was performing a public service by making known the very useful quality of this gas in effecting cures of this description, of which no person to whom I had spoken upon the subject in Kissingen had ever heard before.

I had not then seen Dr. Granville's admirable book on the spas of Germany. Upon since reading his detailed and accurate account of this spring, I do not find that he had any idea of its effects in the way I have just stated. What he says of it is this:—"As I stood near and over the shaft, I experienced all the effects of an exposure to the gas in question. The skin of my face, my eyes, and my lips felt a pricking sensation; the head became confused, and the breathing asthmatic. I remarked that my feet became quite heated by standing on the margin of the spring; and when I filled my hat with the gas and placed it on my head, that part of my body felt

presently in a glow." It is with a view to its stimulating consequences in the latter respect that the gas-bath is used.

The shaft itself is eight feet in diameter, and no more than twenty-five feet in depth. It had at one time lessened so materially in its ordinary supply, that in 1822 a boring upon the Artesian system was resorted to, which was carried to a depth of nearly three hundred feet, and four inches in diameter, through the compact sandstone. Since then the supply has been abundant, discharging forty cubic feet of brine in a minute. The periods of its subsiding and return are irregular, sometimes disappearing for more than an hour, sometimes for not more than a quarter of that time. Several attempts have been made by scientific men, among others by Dr. Osann, of Wurtzburg, to account for this phenomenon. It is well known that there are wells of pure water in several countries, which ebb and flow with great regularity, and that theories have been invented with a view to explain them, most of which appear to be characterized by probability.

Dr. Osann's conjecture with respect to the cause of the variations in the fountain in question may be summed up in a few words.

He assumes that the brine rises from a reservoir placed within the bowels of the earth, with which the Artesian tube communicates. The waters, he thinks, are pressed into this tube, and made to ascend in it by the pressure of the heavy stratum of gas developed from the brine. As the brine ascends, and the reservoir is in part emptied, the gas expands, or becomes rarified, and the result is, that it escapes through the channels in the earth, by which the brine had previously found its way into the reservoir. As soon as the heavy pressure is removed by the escape of the gas, the waters gradually rise again in the reservoir, fresh quantities of the gas are generated, and until the gas becomes sufficiently accumulated over the surface of the element to press it again upwards through the Artesian tube, the quantity of the brine remaining in the tube must of course fall, until it is met by the new reaction.

It appears to me extremely probable that this

is a very near approach, as far as it goes, to a correct exposition of the cause of the phenomenon; and if the times of the rising and subsiding of the water had been more regular, the theory might be deemed satisfactory. These irregularities the learned doctor may, perhaps, be enabled to account for, upon further inquiries into this interesting subject.



## CHAPTER XXII.

Extracting the Salt from the Brine. Purification of the Brine. Cool Promenade. Lady Morgan. Her first Work. Bocklet. Its Waters and Attractions. Departure for Saxe-Meiningen. Situation of the Town. Queen Adelaide. Inhabitants. Jews. Their Quarter. The Lutheran Church. Catholic Ornaments and Utensils. Iron Cabinet. Degradation of the Church. Aspect of the Town. New Ducal Castle. Its Gothic Style. Painted Glass Windows. Prospect from the Castle. Winter Palace. Female Guide. Paintings.

WITH respect to the process for extracting the salt from the brine, the ordinary mode would have been to have it conveyed at once to boilers, in which the fluid parts would have been evaporated, and the residuum of salt, when disconnected from all its earthy and other grosser materials, would have been rendered available. It was found, however, that this, the simple and ordinary process, was attended with the consumption of such a vast

quantity of fuel, that the expense of obtaining the salt in this way could never be repaid. It became, therefore, a great object to devise some machinery by means of which all the useless ingredients in the brine might be first separated from it, and that the strength of the liquor itself might be augmented, before it was admitted into the pans. These preliminary processes it is the object of all the machinery near the well to accomplish. By means of a water-wheel, the brine is pumped up from the well to the summit of the fagot pile, and conveyed into a long reservoir, whence it drains into another similar reservoir at a short distance beneath it. The brine, after depositing a quantity of mud in both these receptacles, is then allowed to trickle through the branches of black thorn, upon which it leaves a great quantity of oxide of iron. It falls into cisterns below, whence it is again pumped up, to undergo a repetition of the same system of purification, until at length it is conducted into the pans in such a state as to yield a large proportion of salt upon comparatively reasonable terms. Every two years the pile of fagots is renewed; the sta-

lactite matter upon the old fagots is broken off, and is used for the formation and repair of roads, and the wood itself is burnt. The ashes, from the quantity of alkali which they contain, make an excellent manure. I should add, that the gallery which runs between the upper and lower reservoirs forms, of a warm day, a very refreshing walk, on account of its great coolness, a quality it owes, I presume, to the temperature of the brine, which would seem to have yielded up all its natural heat to the gas it had left below.

Understanding that Sir Charles Morgan and his celebrated lady had been in Kissingen for some weeks, I went to call upon them, and regretted to find that, although she had benefited from the use of the baths, the three or four previous ungenial days had brought on a relapse of her complaint and prevented her from being visible; the following day, however, being more favourable, I met her breathing the fresh air on the promenade. She spoke very highly of Kissingen and its waters, and of the pleasant society which she had enjoyed while sojourning here. I talked to her of her car-

lier novels, which I well remembered to have read, when a boy, with great delight. She said that she had written her first work before she was fourteen years old.

There is a very pleasant watering-place near Kissingen, named Bocklet, which we were desirous of visiting; but on the day which we had intended to devote to that purpose no machine of any sort was to be had in Kissingen, it being one of the days fixed by custom for the emigration thither of the visitors of the latter place. The whole morning nothing was heard but the sounds of carriage wheels and the cracking of drivers' whips; Kissingen, so gay and crowded the day before, appeared to have been suddenly transformed into a desert. We regretted our disappointment, as we had heard a great deal about the natural beauties of Bocklet and its environs. As a spa, it is reputed, by competent authorities, to possess many qualities which, though less energetic in their action, are found, for that very reason, to be more useful in some complaints than the waters either of Kissingen or Bruckenau. The springs of Bocklet are principally

chalybeates, or steel waters, and are often recommended to those patients who had gone through their course at Kissingen, with a view to fortify the system. It is no small addition to the attractions of Bocklet, that the visitors there live altogether as one family, and that the *table d'hôte* is equally remarkable for its excellent *cuisine* and the economy of its prices. The season begins in June and lasts only six or eight weeks. During that period, the Archbishop of Wurtzburg usually resides at his Italian villa in the neighbourhood. He is the lord of the domain.

As soon as we could lay an embargo upon a post-chaise, we had our portmanteaus packed upon it, and drove off for Saxe-Meiningen, where we arrived early in the evening, and took up our quarters at the Sächischer Hof, a very spacious hotel, which appeared to me out of all proportion with the size of the town (containing about 5,000 inhabitants), the more especially as it is altogether out of the European highways, and very rarely visited by tourists from any country. It is situated on the right bank of the Werra, is the capital of the duchy

of Saxe-Meiningen, and is the winter residence of the duke, who, I need scarcely add, is brother of Adelaide, queen dowager of England. She was born here.

The town is nearly encircled by woody hills, presenting, as indeed does the whole of the ducal territory, a quiet and secluded aspect, bordering partly upon the Black Forest, partly in the great forest of Thuringia. There is in the town a scholastic institution, which is said to be well conducted; the terms for education are moderate. The German, as spoken here, is reputed to be remarkably pure, and the means of living, including comfortable apartments, are understood to be more economical than in many other parts of northern Germany.

The inhabitants of Meiningen are almost all Lutherans, with the exception of the Jews, who form an important body here, and have recently constructed a new quarter, aspiring to magnificence. The houses are numerous, lofty, and in a uniform style of Italian architecture. The ground-floors are chiefly used as shops and wholesale warehouses, for

the sale of cloths, silks, shawls, Bohemian glassware, and jewellery. Preparations were going on for fresh additions to these edifices, the handsomest I have seen anywhere belonging to the Hebrews.

Through the whole town, which has quite a German aspect, a deep stream of water is conducted for the convenience of the inhabitants. It runs near the *trottoir*, and is covered with boards. The church is a very ancient one ; the altar still remains, just as it was in Catholic times, with a crucifix upon it, and candlesticks. In the latter were candles, and vases of newly gathered flowers were arranged between them. Behind the altar are some curious monuments, with figures of knights in armour upon them. They date from about 1540 ; but unfortunately, with a degree of taste for which there is no accounting, they have been all white-washed over ! We saw here several daubs of Lutheran clergymen ; the Common Prayer Book as arranged by Luther, printed in 1745, and a crucifix bearing an image of the Redeemer, with a crucifix on each side. We were shewn in the sacristy se-

veral old Catholic utensils and ornaments and two or three suits of vestments. Our guide, the daughter of the sexton, gave us to understand that the most valuable curiosities of the church were locked up in an iron cabinet, inserted in the wall. The key of this depository being produced in a rusty condition, which evidently shewed that it had not been used for many a year, we applied it to the lock, but it broke in the process, and there we were obliged to leave it, without being able to gratify our eyes with a view of the treasures within. The pulpit is handsome, and the organ splendid ; but the nave is quite spoiled by the introduction of pews and side galleries, painted in the plainest manner, and giving to the interior of this fine edifice the appearance of a conventicle.

The old town wears a pleasing aspect, as looked at from the end opposite to the church. The green hills around it are seen from that point to great advantage, and shady trees make their way from the rural environs into the cross-streets, which relieve the sombreness that would have otherwise prevailed. The church, with its lofty tower, comes out well in



the picture ; our hotel also added to the scene its dignified front, graced with the ducal arms ; behind it there is a mill, in which the corn is first pounded, and then ground in the usual way.

The morning after our arrival our landlord kindly supplied us with a carriage to take us to see the new castle, which the duke has been engaged since 1834 in erecting. It is situated upon the summit of a lofty hill, about three English miles from Meiningen, and partly on the site of an old castle belonging to the family, which was destroyed many years ago by lightning. A large fragment of the ancient wall still remains, nearly prostrated, and rent from top to bottom by the electric fluid. The new edifice is in the Gothic style. The external walls were already very nearly finished, and workmen were busily occupied in completing the ornaments of the interior, all of which appeared to me to be designed according to the best models.

The ball-room is spacious and beautiful ; its fretted roof is richly gilt. There were several windows here of painted glass, prepared to be put up in the rooms for which they were intended.

Some were executed by Kellner, of Nuremberg, in 1838. One of these represented the death of the blessed Virgin. A bishop in his mitre is seen putting in her hand a lighted taper—a subject, by the bye, for which neither history nor tradition affords the slightest authority, the more approved belief being that the mother of the Redeemer ascended to heaven. Others of these windows appeared from their dates to have been painted in the years 1573 and 1575. One exhibited a Swiss scene, with peasants shooting at marks—another the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, led by Moses and pursued by the Egyptians. Through a break in the clouds appeared Christ and his apostles.

The situation of this castle commands a panorama of rare beauty, consisting of villages, undulating hills, smiling valleys, patches of woodland, corn-fields, and tracts of heaths, through which winds the Werra in so lazy a course, that a magnificent lake might be easily formed of it, which would be a most important addition to the scenery. The hills also want planting, so as to give them a

more park-like appearance. An English or Scotch landscape gardener of taste would in a few years convert this place into a paradise, although it is very probable that some visitors would prefer to have it left just as it is. We were informed by the superintendent of the works, that we were only the second English party that had ever seen this castle—so much is Meiningen out of the way of our summer tourists. We were accompanied on our excursion by the son of our host, a well-looking, intelligent, and very agreeable young man. He spoke English well, and had nearly finished his education at one of the German universities.

We had no difficulty in finding admission to the duke's winter palace, an extensive, patched-up sort of building, some two hundred years old. The picture-gallery contains a considerable number of works, with very few exceptions, of no great merit. It is shewn by a female servant, who has a written catalogue, which she is particularly scrupulous in not allowing to pass out of her own hand. Nor does she venture to affirm that it is absolutely correct as to the names of the artists it assigns to

several of the pictures. She, however, goes through her task in the most civil and obliging manner.

In the course of our hasty examination, I was particularly struck by a painting of a monk in his cell contemplating the crucifix by torch-light ; a skaiting scene by Vandermeer ; a portrait of the Virgin and child, by Leonardo da Vinci ; a group comprehending Hercules and Nymphale, Cupid and Venus, the latter wearing a double masque, one representing a death's head, the other the profile of the goddess ; an uncommonly fine old head ; a portrait of Sobieski ; a philosopher reading ; a man pouring some soothing liquid upon a swollen hand, and a peasant drinking wine from a tall glass with so much eagerness as to display the muscles of his throat in strong action. The floor of the gallery is composed of very handsome variegated marbles, and there is in it scarcely a window which does not present a charming view of hills, pleasure gardens, and villas.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Law of the Road. Exorbitant Bill. Statistics of the Duchy. Its Diet. Eilwagen for Gotha. Morning Scene. Disappointments. Vexations. Departure. Our Route. Scenery. Benshausen. Threatened Elopement. German Student. Forest of Thuringia. Town of Meliss. English Workmen. Iron Mines. Language of the Miners. Ash *Cards*. Admirable Road. Scenes from Mountain Top. The Ducal Hunting-Seat. Abundance of Game. Our Drive through the Forest. Hay-makers. Blue Stockings.

WE made inquiries about a voiture, with a view to proceed at our ease upon our journey; but we were informed by "mine host's" son, that it was a law of the duchy, that a traveller who arrives in Meiningen by a post-chaise, cannot leave it by a voiture until after he has been two full days in the town. This is certainly the most curious specimen of legislation for the road I had before heard of; and one so little calculated to attract visitors to

Meiningen, that it very much lessened my surprise at this place being so rarely frequented by foreigners. Another still stronger motive for leaving this town out of a traveller's route is, the enormous bill which would be presented to him upon his departure from the Sächischer Hof. Our beds were very good, and our two dinners unexceptionable. But we were only two nights and one day in the house, and our bill amounted to upwards of thirty shillings English. In Germany, and especially in one of its cheapest districts for every necessary of life, this was a scale of charge really exorbitant. It was moreover exclusive of service !

The Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen contains six provinces, 143,200 Lutherans, 1,030 Jews, 450 Catholics, 384 members of the "reformed church," three gymnasiums and classical schools ; a seminary for school-masters, a school for foresters, seventeen town schools, and 212 village schools. Its income amounts to about 1,251,659 florins (a florin is 1s. 8d. English) ; its annual expenditure, admitting of a yearly reserve of 25,000 florins, is equal to its revenue ; and its national debt amounts to upwards

of 5,000,000 of florins, the interest of which, as well as an annual appropriation for a sinking fund, are included in the expenditure. Its contingent to the army of the Confederacy is 1,150 men. "The government is a constitutional monarchy; the new fundamental law is dated August 28, 1829. The diet is composed of twenty-four members, eight chosen from the class of seignorial landowners, eight from the class of citizens, and eight from that of peasants. It must be convoked once in three years, and can be convoked only by the duke. During the recesses, the functions of the diet are exercised by the marshal, two presidents and syndics. A substitute for the deputy is always chosen with the latter. All independent fathers of families are voters, such, at least, who are Christians, and who fulfil the duties of citizens. A candidate for the representation of a town, or of the peasants, must pay fifteen dollars in direct taxes, annually. The deputies of the landed proprietors must be twenty-five years old. On the motion of any deputy, the votes of the diet may be given secretly."\*

\* See Mr. Bisset Hawkins's Germany.

Being indisposed to prolong our stay at Meiningen, we inquired when the earlist eilwagen would set out for Gotha, and were informed at our hotel, that it would depart for that destination at four o'clock on the following morning—a piece of intelligence altogether destitute of truth, as we found to our very great inconvenience. Being resolved, however, to be at the office in good time, we were there before the hour mentioned, with all our luggage. The bureau was shut—not a soul stirring anywhere. The moon was shining out in all her lustre, rivalled by that of the day star, which was rapidly mounting in the heavens. A busy mill was already going near us. The light in the dial glass of the clock in the church tower was as yet unextinguished. The shades of night were fast rising from the distant hills, and as the day advanced, here and there appeared men going to work. Early housewives came with their pitchers to the neighbouring fountain for water. Pigeons flew about in great numbers, and a bat or two wheeled above our heads, but still not a creature was visible at our bureau. The tower clock told



four, and five, and still no sign of animation at the bureau.

We poured out no blessings upon the hotel servants who so unnecessarily deprived us of our two and a half hours' lawful repose; it was no very pleasant occupation to be walking up and down the lonely street at so early an hour in the morning, in momentary expectation of a diligence, of which the sound of its carriage wheels could not even yet be heard in the distance.

At length, about half-past five, the shutters of the post-office window were opened, a diligence was drawn out of the yard, portmanteaus, boxes, carpet-bags, &c., were piled upon it. Certain, that this was to be our vehicle, we desired the porter to put up our luggage also, and went into the office to pay for our places; but we were soon apprized by the book-keeper that this diligence was going altogether in an opposite direction, and so we were once more left to resume our "patient habit." The passengers were speedily in their seats, the horses put to, and off they trotted with a velocity which we quite envied. The cracking

of the postilions' whips, and the loud roll of the wheels as they entered on the paved road of the town, now announced the approach of another diligence, but it rattled by our office to a distant part of the town with its night-capped passengers all fast asleep, except one, who, rubbing his eyes, looked drowsily out of the window.

We were by no means certain of our places, as the diligence in which we expected to travel was to come from another town, and it might, or might not be full; however fortune deigned in her good time to smile upon us; the eilwagen, for Gotha, arrived at six o'clock, having plenty of room to spare; our effects were stowed away; so also were we, perfectly tired of our morning's pedestrian exercise, and in a short time we had the pleasure of leaving the exorbitant Sächsischer Hof, and the inhospitable laws of Meiningen behind us.

Our route conducted us between a double line of hills, which closely approached each other for a while, then opened and allowed us to catch views of some very pretty hamlets, and both on

our right and left declivities well wooded. We advanced then into a more expanded tract of country, and beheld in the distance ranges of hills, just putting off the mantles of vapour in which they had been wrapped during the night. Passing through the rough road of a village, we encountered troops of goats with their tinkling bells making their way out of it; then onward by brooks winding rapidly through valleys, sparkling in the sun, here and there turning over-shot mills, through dense forests, by cottages, before which firewood was piled for sale—by rivulets crossed by rustic bridges, upon which groups of fat little urchins were disporting themselves—by pasturages where fine cattle were browsing, and corn-fields in which crowds of people were engaged in securing the harvest—and then a succession of small hamlets in which the cottages were wholly constructed of wood and framed in the Swiss fashion.

We stopped for a few minutes at Benshausen to take coffee. The gast haus presented every appearance of comfort, and it had for its chief ornaments a comely hostess, and one of the

prettiest little girls I ever saw; she was about five years old, and during our brief acquaintance she engaged herself so much with me, that she would have been quite contented to have *eloped* with us in the diligence! Many merchants live about here, who collect stores of wine from all the northern parts of Germany, and from this place despatch them to Saxony, Poland, and elsewhere.

Quitting Benshausen, where, by the bye, we took in a fresh passenger, a young man who spoke enough of English to make himself intelligible to us, and was then upon his way back to his university to proceed with his education, we entered at once upon the great forest of Thuringia, where the King of Saxony, and the Dukes of Saxe-Meiningen and Saxe-Coburg meet annually to hunt the large stags with double horns, which abound in the depths of these vast shades. Nothing can be more majestic than the first view of this ocean of foliage waving high in air, and reaching to a distance which appears immeasurable.

We entered the territory of Saxe-Coburg by the

town of Meliss, in which numbers of English artisans are employed in the manufacture of arms and all kinds of cutlery. Further on is another town, or rather large village, in which many of our operatives are similarly engaged. Nothing is to be heard all round but the sounds of clacking mills, hammers, and sledges. The mountains all about here abound in iron ore, and also, it is said, in gold and silver. The miners speak a dialect of their own, which the Germans do not understand.

The women of this neighbourhood seem to have a very general fancy for cotton cloaks ; the postillions also are fond of gay dresses, and they all play capitally upon the bugle, with which they are by no means reluctant to entertain their passengers. We observed great stacks of bark collected by the roadside. Numbers of waggons well laden with merchandize passed us by, presenting a busy and commercial air. Our student fellow-traveller was very communicative as to every thing which he thought would interest us. Amongst other things, he stated that the ash of this country was of a peculiarly adhesive quality ; so much so, that small

blocks of it were sawed by very fine instruments into very thin leaves, which were used as cards for having names and addresses lithographed upon them. He presented us with his own *card*, formed from this material, with his name (Itschez) very neatly lettered upon it.

The road on which we were travelling was admirable; it is the work of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and has only been finished within the last eight years; it is planted on each side with the mountain ash, and occasionally ascends great heights, whence we looked down upon woods of pine and upon beautiful green valleys, emerging from the mystic recesses of the Thuringian forest. We were already 2,372 feet above the level of the sea; and ascending still, we reached the summit of a mountain, upon which a pillar is raised in honour of the reigning duke of Saxe-Coburg. From this elevated position we were enabled to survey the tops of other mountains to a very great distance, until the intervention of the great forest closed the prospect.

Descending gently from these heights, we arrived

at the hunting seat of the ducal family, a very modest rustic building, with a number of out-offices adjoining it, for the accommodation of a large stud of horses, with which the duke supplies his numerous guests in the hunting season. It is said that as many as three hundred stags are often met with together, feeding in the forest. Our postilion pointed out a chamber in the lodge, which he said was usually occupied by Prince Albert whenever he sojourned here. The walls of the lodge are abundantly decorated with remarkably large stag-horns, the trophies of many a victory in these forest wars.

The number of our passengers had increased so much on the way, that a post-carriage was added, in which we were invited to take our places, if we preferred it to the eilwagen; an offer which we gladly accepted, as some of our companions in the larger vehicle were indefatigable in the use of their pipes. We descended from the mountain by a zig-zag road, exceedingly well constructed, and as soon as we reached the level below, the postilions set off at a quickened pace. There were four horses

attached to the eilwagen ; it was an interesting sight to see them, with their riders dressed in gay red jackets, run on before us into the darkness of the forest, the postilions sounding their bugles occasionally, until the notes were lost in distance.

Occasionally villages, all *à la Suisse*, appeared in openings of the forest, and also prairies, in which women were making hay. Their heads and faces were protected from the sun by large straw bonnets, in square forms behind. The fragrance of the new-mown herbage was delicious. The fancy of the women, in colours for their gowns, aprons, and ribands, appears unanimous in favour of blue. I could not see whether they also sported blue stockings !

THE END.

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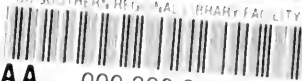
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